

THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY:

A
COLLECTION
OF
CHOICE SONGS,
SCOTS AND ENGLISH,

IN TWO VOLUMES,
BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE SEVENTEENTH EDITION.

VOL. I.

KILMARNOCK:
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M,DCC,LXXXVIII.



DEDICATION.

*To ilka lovely BRITISH lass,
Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne and Jean,
Down to ilk bonny singing Bess,
Wha dances barefoot on the green.*

DEAR LASSES,

YOUR most humble slave,
Wha ne'er to serve you shall decline,
Kneeling, wad your acceptance crave,
When he presents this sma' propine.

Then take it kindly to your care,
Revive it with your tunefu' notes:
It's beauties will look sweet and fair,
Arising fastly through your throats.

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
When tented by a sparkling eye,
The spinet tinkling with her voice,
It lying on her lovely knee.

While kettles dringe on ingles dour,
Or clafhes stay the lazy las;
Thir sangs may ward you frae the four,
And gaily vacant minutes pass.

E'en while the tea's fill'd reeking round,
Rather than plot a tender tongue,
Treat a' the circling lugs wi' sound,
Syne safely sip when ye have sung.

May happinefs haud up your hearts,
And warm you lang with loving Sires:
May Pow'rs propitious play their parts,
In matching you to your desires.

EDINBURGH, }
1st. Jan. 1724. }

A. R A M S A Y.



P R E F A C E.

ALTHOUGH it be acknowledged, that our *Scots* Tunes have not lengthened variety of Music, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural sweetness that make them acceptable wherever they are known, not only among ourselves, but in other countries. They are for the most part so chearful, that, on hearing them well played or sung, we find a difficulty to keep ourselves from dancing. What further adds to the esteem we have for them, is, their antiquity, and their being universally known. Mankind's love for novelty would appear to contradict this reason; but will not, when we consider, that for one that can tolerably entertain with vocal or instrumental Music, there are fifty who content themselves with the pleasure of hearing, and singing without the trouble of being taught: Now, such are not judges of the fine flourishes of new Music imported from *Italy* and elsewhere, yet will listen with pleasure to Tunes that they know, and can join with in the Cho-

rus. Say that our way is only an harmonious speaking of merry, witty, or soft thoughts, after the Poet has dressed them in four or five stanzas; yet undoubtedly these must relish best with people, who have not bestowed much of their time in acquiring a taste for that downright perfect Music, which requires none, or very little of the Poet's assistance.

My being well assured, how acceptable new words to known Tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verses for above sixty of them, in this and the second Volume: about thirty more were done by some ingenuous young Gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my undertaking, that they generously lent me their assistance; and to them the lovers of Sense and Music are obliged for some of the best Songs in the Collection. The rest are such old verses as have been done time out of mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the dross of blundering Transcribers and Printers; such as, *The Gaberlunzie Man*, *Muirland Willy*, &c. that claim their place in our Collection, for their merry images of the low character.

THIS twelfth Edition in a few years, and the general demand for the Book by persons of all ranks, wherever our language is understood, is a sure evidence of

it's being acceptable. My worthy friend, Dr. *Bannerman*, tells me from *America*,

*Not only do your Lays o'er Britain flow,
Round all the globe your happy Sonnets go;
Here thy soft verse made to a Scottish air,
Are often sung by our Virginian fair.
Camilla's warbling notes are heard no more,
But yield to Last time I came o'er the Moor;
Hydaspes and Rinaldo both give way
To Mary Scot, Tweed-side, and Mary Gray.*

FROM this and the following Volume, Mr. *Thomson* (who is allowed by all, to be a good teacher and singer of *Scots Songs*) culled his *Orpheus Caledonius*, the music for both the voice and flute, and the words of the Songs finely engraven in a folio book, for the use of persons of the highest quality in *Britain*, and Dedicated to the late Queen. This, by the bye, I thought proper to intimate, and do myself that justice which the Publisher neglected; since he ought to have acquainted his illustrious list of Subscribers, that the most of the Songs were mine, the Music abstracted.

IN my Compositions and Collections, I have kept out all smut and ribaldry, that the modest voice and

ear of the fair finger might meet with no affront ;
the chief bent of all my studies being, to gain their
good graces ; and it shall always be my care, to ward
off these frowns that would prove mortal to my
Muse.

Now, little books, go your ways ; be assured of fa-
vourable reception wherever the sun shines on the free-
born chearful *Briton* ; steal yourselves into the ladies
bosoms. Happy volumes ! you are to live too as long
as the Song of *Homer* in *Greek* and *English*, and mix
your ashes only with the Odes of *Horace*. Were it
but my fate, when old and ruffled, like you to be a-
gain reprinted, what a curious figure would I appear
on the utmost limits of time, after a thousand Editions ?
Happy volumes ! you are secure, but I must yield ;
please the Ladies, and take care of my fame.

In hopes of this, fearless of coming age,

I'll smile thro' life ; and when for rhyme renown'd,

I'll calmly quit the farce and giddy stage,

And sleep beneath a flow'ry turf full sound.



I N D E X.

Beginning with the first Letter of every Song.

*The SONGS marked C, D, H, L, M, O, &c.
are new Words by different Hands ; X, the
Authors unknown ; Z, old Songs ; Q, old
Songs with Additions.*

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T H E
T E A - T A B L E
M I S C E L L A N Y :

P A R T I.

B O N N Y C H R I S T Y.

HOW sweetly smells the Simmer green!
Sweet taste the peach and cherry;
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But finest colours, fruits and flow'rs,
And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with those of *Christy*.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in concert, chanting?
But if my *Christy* tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration;
My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And often mint to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman:
But, dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother;
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear she love another.

1

Thus sang blate *Edie* by a burn,
 His *Christy* did o'erhear him ;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her ;
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And sang his arms about her.

My *Christy* ! — witness bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a dream ;
 O love the maist surprising !
 Time was too precious now for tawk ;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on kisses.



The Bush aboon TRAQUAIR.

HE A R me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her ;
 At the bonny bush aboon *Traquair*,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I tri'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.



Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in *May*,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember,
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me?
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender.
 I'll leave the bush aboon *Traquair*,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

C.

~~~~~

### An ODE.

Tune, *Polwarth on the Green*.

**T**H O' beauty, like the rose,  
 That smiles on *Polwarth Green*,  
 In various colours shows,  
 As 'tis by fancy seen:  
 Yet all its diff'rent glories ly,  
 United in thy face,  
 And virtue, like the sun on high,  
 Gives rays to ev'ry grace.  
 So charming is her air,  
 So smooth, so calm her mind,  
 That to some angel's care  
 Each motion seems assign'd:  
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,  
 The joyful moments fly,  
 As if for wings they stole the ray  
 She darteth from her eye.  
 VOL. I. C



Kind am'rous *Cupids*, while  
 With tuneful voice she sings,  
 Perfume her breath and smile,  
 And wave their balmy wings :  
 But as the tender blushes rise,  
 Soft innocence doth warm,  
 The soul in blissful extasies  
 Dissolveth in the charm.

D.



## T W E E D - S I D E .

**W**HAT beauties does *Flora* disclose ?  
 How sweet are her smiles upon *Tweed* ?  
 Yet *Mary's* still sweeter than those ;  
 Both nature and fancy exceed.  
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,  
 Not *Tweed* gliding gently through those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
 The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,  
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
 Let us see how the primroses spring,  
 We'll lodge in some village on *Tweed*,  
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?  
 Does *Mary* not 'tend a few sheep ?  
 Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While happily she lies asleep ?  
*Tweed's* murmurs should lull her to rest ;  
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.



'Tis she does the virgins excell,  
 No beauty with her may compare,  
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,  
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.  
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding *Tay*,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the *Tweed*?



## S O N G.

*Tune, Woe's my heart that we should sunder.*

**I**S *Hamilla* then my own?  
 O! the dear, the charming treasure!  
 Fortune now in vain shall frown;  
 All my future life is pleasure.

See how rich with youthful grace,  
 Beauty warms her ev'ry feature;  
 Smiling heaven is in her face,  
 All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms arise,  
 Rosy smiles, and kindling blushes;  
 Love sits laughing in her eyes,  
 And betrays her secret wishes.

Haste then from th' *Idalian* grove,  
 Infant smiles, and sports, and graces;  
 Spread the downy couch for love,  
 And lull us in your sweet embraces.

Softest raptures, pure from noise,  
 This fair happy night surround us;  
 While a thousand sprightly joys  
 Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unfowr'd with care or strife,  
 Heaven still guard this dearest blessing!  
 While we tread the path of life,  
 Loving still, and still possessing.



## S O N G.

LET'S be jovial, fill our glasses,  
 Madnes 'tis for us to think,  
 How the world is rul'd by asses,  
 And the wise are sway'd by chink.  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

Then never let vain cares oppress us,  
 Riches are to them a snare,  
 We're ev'ry one as rich as *Cræsus*,  
 While our bottle drowns our care.  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

Wine will make us as red as roses,  
 And our sorrows quite forget:  
 Come let us fuddle all our noses,  
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

When grim death is looking for us,  
 We are toping at our bowls,  
*Bacchus* joining in the chorus:  
 Death, be gone! here's none but souls.  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

God-like *Bacchus* thus commanding,  
 Trembling death away shall fly,  
 Ever after understanding,  
 Drinking souls can never die,  
*Fa, la, ra, &c.*

## MUIRLAND WILLIE.

**H**ARKEN and I will tell you how  
 Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo,  
 Tho' he could neither say nor do;  
 The truth I tell to you.

But ay he cries, whate'er betide,  
*Maggy*, I'll hae her to be my bride,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

On his gray yad as he did ride,  
 With durk and pistol by his side,  
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,  
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.  
 Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,  
 Till he came to her dady's door,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,  
 I'm come your daughter's love to win,  
 I care na for making meikle din,  
 What answer gi'e ye me?  
 Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,  
 I'll gi'e ye my daughter's love to win,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,  
 Where do you win, or in what town!  
 I think my daughter winna gloom,

On sic a lad as ye.  
 The wooer he step'd up the house,  
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

I have three owfen in a plough,  
 Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,  
 The place they ca' it *Cadeneugh*;  
 I scorn to tell a lie:

Besides, I had frae the great laird,  
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

The maid put on her kirtle brown,  
She was the brawest in a' the town;  
I wat on him she did na gloom,  
But blinkit bonnilie.  
The lover he stended up in haste,  
And gript her hard about the waste,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,  
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;  
And for my sell you need na fear,  
Troth try me whan ye like.  
He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chow,  
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu law,  
She had na will to say him na,  
But to her dady she left it a',  
As they twa cou'd agree.  
The lover he ga'e her the tither kifs,  
Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Your doughter wad na say me na,  
But to your sell she has left it a',  
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;  
Say what'll ye gi'e me wi' her?  
Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,  
But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

A kilnfu of corn I'll gi'e to thee,  
Three founs of sheep, twa good milk ky,  
Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free;  
Troth I dow do no mair.

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't.  
 I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

The bridal-day it came to pass,  
 With mony a blythsome lad and lass;  
 But sicken a day there never was,  
 Sic mirth was never seen.  
 This winsome couple straked hands,  
 Mels *John* ty'd up the marriage bands,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

And our bride's maidens were na few,  
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,  
 Frae tap to tae they were braw new,  
 And blinkit bonnilie.  
 Their toys and mutches were sae clean,  
 They glanced in our ladses' een,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,  
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him,  
 The minstrels they did never blin,  
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.  
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,  
 And ay their wames together met,  
*With a fal, dal, &c.*



## The PROMIS'D JOY.

*Tune, Carl an the King come.*

**W**HEN we meet again, Phely,  
 When we meet again Phely,  
 Raptures will reward our pain,  
 And loss result in gain, Phely,



Long the sport of fortune driv'n,  
 To despair our thoughts were giv'n,  
 Our odds will all be ev'n, *Phely,*  
*When we meet again Phely, &c.*

Now in dreary distant groves,  
 Tho' we moan like turtle-doves,  
 Suff'ring best our virtue proves,  
 And will enhance our loves, *Phely,*  
*When we meet again, Phely, &c.*

Joy will come in a surprise,  
 Till its happy hour arise;  
 Temper well your love-sick sighs,  
 For hope becomes the wife, *Phely.*  
*When we meet again Phely,*  
*When we meet again Phely,*  
*Raptures will reward our pain,*  
*And loss result in gain, Phely.*

M.

---

TO DELIA, on her drawing him to her  
*Valentine.*

Tune, *Black-Ey'd Susan.*

**Y**E powers! was *Damon* then so blest,  
 To fall to charming *Delia's* share;  
*Delia*, the beauteous maid, possess  
 Of all that's soft, and all that's fair?  
 Here cease thy bounty, O indulgent heav'n,  
 I ask no more, for all my wish is giv'n.

I came, and *Delia* smiling show'd,  
 She smil'd, and show'd the happy name;  
 With rising joy my heart o'erflow'd,  
 I felt and blest the new born-flame.

May softest pleasures careless round her move,  
May all her nights be joy, and days be love.

She drew the treasure from her breast,  
That breast where love and graces play,  
O name beyond expression blest?  
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.  
To be so lodg'd! the thought is extasy,  
Who would not wish in paradise to ly?

**The FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.**

*Tune, Auld lang syne.*

**W**HEN flow'ry meadows deck the year,  
And sporting lambkins play,  
When spangl'd fields renew'd appear,  
And music wak'd the day;  
Then did my *Chloe* leave her bow'r,  
To hear my am'rous lay,  
Warm'd by my love she vow'd no pow'r,  
Shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough  
Surround our couch in throngs,  
And all their tuneful art bestow,  
To give us change of songs:  
Scenes of delight my soul possess'd,  
I blest'd, then hugg'd my maid;  
I rob'd the kisses from her breast,  
Sweet as a noon-day's shade.

Joy transporting never fails  
To fly away as air,  
Another swain with her prevails  
To be as false as fair.  
What can my fatal passion care?  
I'll never woo again;  
All her disdain I must endure,  
Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy  
 Thus sighing with his pain;  
 But time and scorn may give him joy,  
 To hear her sigh again.  
 Ah! fickle *Chloe*, be advis'd,  
 Do not thyself beguile,  
 A faithful lover should be priz'd,  
 Then cure him with a smile.

O.

*To Mrs. S. H. on her taking something  
 ill I said.*

*Tune, Hallow Ev'n.*

**W**HY hangs that cloud upon thy brow?  
 That beauteous heav'n ere-while serene?  
 Whence do these storms and tempests flow,  
 Or what this gust of passion mean?  
 And must then mankind lose that light,  
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,  
 And ly obscure in endless night,  
 For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,  
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,  
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,  
 Thy beauty can make large amends:  
 Or if I durst profanely try  
 Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,  
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,  
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For *Venus* ev'ry heart t' ensnare,  
 With all her charms has deckt thy face,  
 And *Pallas*, with unusual care,  
 Bids wisdom heighten ev'ry grace,  
 Who can the double pain endure;  
 Or who must not resign the field

To thee, celestial maid, secure  
With *Cupid's* bow, and *Pallas'* shield!

If then to thee such pow'r is given,  
Let not a wretch in torment live,  
But smile, and learn to copy heaven,  
Since we must sin ere it forgive.  
Yet pitying heaven not only does,  
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,  
But even itself appeas'd bestows,  
As the reward of penitence.

H.

*The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

**H**OW blyth ilk morn was I to see  
The swain come o'er the hill!  
He skipt the burn, and flew to me:  
I met him with good will.

*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
The broom of Cowdenknows;  
I wish I were with my dear swain,  
With his pipe and my ew.*

I neither wanted ew nor lamb,  
While his flock near me lay:  
He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
And chear'd me a' the day.

*O the broom, &c.*

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,  
The birds stood list'ning by:  
Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,  
Charm'd with his melody.

*O the broom, &c.*

While thus we spent our time by turns,  
Betwixt our flocks and play;  
I envy'd not the fairest dame,  
Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.

*O the broom, &c.*

Hard fate that I shou'd banish'd be,  
 Gang heavily and mourn,  
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain  
 That ever yet was born.  
*O the broom, &c.*

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,  
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be?  
 He staw my heart: Cou'd I refuse  
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?  
*O the broom, &c.*

My doggie, and my little kit  
 That held my wee soup whey,  
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,  
 May now ly usefess by,  
*O the broom, &c.*

Adieu, ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu,  
 Farewell a' pleasures there;  
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,  
 Is a' I crave or care.  
*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
 The broom of Cowdenknows;  
 I wish I were with my dear swain,  
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

S. R.



## TO CHLOE.

Tune, *I wish my Love were in a Mire.*

**O** Lovely maid! how dear's thy pow'r?  
 At once I love, at once adore:  
 With wonder are my thoughts possess'd,  
 While softest love inspires my breast.  
 This tender look, these eyes of mine,  
 Confess their am'rous master thine;



These eyes with *Strephon's* passion play,  
First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine,  
Poor as it is, this heart of mine  
Was never in another's pow'r,  
Was never pierc'd by love before.  
In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,  
Thou canst give bliss, or bliss destroy:  
And thus I've bound myself to love,  
While bliss or misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms,  
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms;  
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,  
Still would I love, love thee alone.  
But, like some discontented shade  
That wanders where its body's laid,  
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,  
For ever exil'd from my fair.

L.-

\*\*\*\*\*

*Upon hearing his Picture was in CHLOE'S  
Breast.*

Tune, *The Fourteenth of October.*

YE gods! was *Strephon's* picture blest  
With the fair heaven of *Chloe's* breast?  
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,  
Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.  
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,  
For *Strephon* was the bliss design'd?  
For *Strephon's* sake, dear charming maid,  
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, blest shade, that sweetly art  
Lodged so near my *Chloe's* heart,  
For me the tender hour improve,  
And softly tell how dear I love.

VOL. I.

D

Ungrateful thing ! it scorns to hear  
Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,  
Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,  
That *Chloe*, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee : Were I lord  
Of all the wealth those breasts afford,  
I'd be a miser too, nor give  
An alms to keep a god alive.  
Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,  
On these cold looks, that lifeless are,  
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,  
With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,  
To life can bring the silent shade :  
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,  
And real warmth and flames impart.  
But oh ! it ne'er can love like me,  
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee :  
'Then, charmer, grant my fond request,  
Say thou canst love, and make me blest.



*Song for a Serenade.*

Tune, *The broom of Cowdenknows.*

TEACH me, *Chloe*, how to prove  
My boasted flame sincere :  
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,  
And hard to hide my care.  
Sleep in vain displays her charms,  
To bribe my soul to rest,  
Vainly spreads her silken arms,  
And courts me to her breast.



Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,  
*Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.* X.

*To Mrs. A. H. on seeing her at a Concert.*

*Tune, The bonniest lass in a' the World.*

LOOK where my dear *Hamilla* smiles,  
*Hamilla!* heavenly charmer;  
 See how with all their arts and wiles  
 The *Loves* and *Graces* arm her.  
 A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,  
 Fair seats of youthful pleasures,  
 There love in smiling language speaks,  
 There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r,  
 I gaze, I sigh, and languish;  
 Yet ever, ever will adore,  
 And triumph in my anguish.  
 But ease, O charmer, ease my care,  
 And let my torments move thee;  
 As thou art fairest of the fair,  
 So I the dearest love thee.

2. C.

### THE BONNY SCOT.

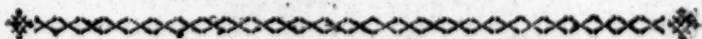
*Tune, The Boat-man.*

YE gales, that gently wave the sea,  
 And please the canny boat-man,  
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me  
 My brave, my bonny *Scot*—man:  
 In haly bands  
 We join'd our hands,

Yet may not this discover,  
While parents rate  
A large estate,  
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens  
To herd the kid and goat—man,  
E'er I could for sic little ends  
Refuse my bonny *Scot*—man.  
Wae worth the man  
Wha first began  
The base ungenerous fashion,  
Frae greedy views  
Love's art to use,  
While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,  
Haste to thy longing lassie,  
Who pants to press thy bawmy mouth,  
And in her bosom hawse thee.  
Love gies the word,  
Then haste on board,  
Fair winds and tenty boat-man,  
Waft o'er, waft o'er  
Frae yonder shore,  
My blythe, my bonny *Scot*—man.



## SCORNFU' NANSY.

*To its own Tune.*

**N**ANSY'S to the *Green Wood* gane,  
To hear the *Gowd/pink* chatt'ring,  
And *Willie* he has followed her,  
To gain her love by flatt'ring:  
But a' that he could say or do,  
She geck'd and scorned at him;  
And ay when he began to woo,  
She bade him mind wha gat him.



What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,  
My minny or my aunty?  
With crowdy mowdy they fed me,  
Lang kail and ranty tanty:  
With bannocks of good barley-meal,  
Of thae there was right plenty,  
With chapped stocks fou butter'd well;  
And was na that right dainty?

Although my father was nae laird,  
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,  
He keepit ay a good kail-yard,  
A ha' house and a pantry:  
A good blue bonnet on his head,  
An owrlay 'bout his cragy;  
And ay until the day he dy'd,  
He rade on good shanks nagy.

Now wae and wander on your snout,  
Wad ye hae bonny *Nansy*?  
Wad ye compare ye'r fell to me,  
A docken till a tanfie?  
I have a wooer of my ain,  
They ca' him souple *Sandy*,  
And well I wat his bonny mou'  
Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, *Nansy*, what needs a' this din?  
Do I not ken this *Sandy*?  
I'm sure the chief of a' his kin  
Was *Rab* the beggar randy:  
His minny *Meg* upo' her back  
Bare baith him and his billy;  
Will ye compare a nasty pack  
To me your winsome *Willie*?

My gutcher left a good braid sword,  
Though it be auld and rusty,  
Yet ye may tak it on my word,  
It is baith stout and trusty;

And if I can but get it drawn,  
Which will be right uneasy,  
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,  
That he shall get a heezy.

Then *Nansy* turn'd her round about,  
And said, Did *Sandy* hear ye,  
Ye wadna mis to get a clout,  
I ken he disna fear ye :  
Sae had ye'r tongue and say nae mair,  
Set somewhere else your fancy  
For as lang's *Sandy's* to the fore,  
Ye never shall get *Nansy*.

Z.



## SLIGHTED NANSY.

Tune, *The Kirk wad let me be.*

'TIS I have seven braw new gowns,  
And ither seven better to mak,  
And yet for a' my new gowns,  
My wooer has turn'd his back.  
Besides I have seven milk-kye,  
And *Sandy* he has but three ;  
And yet for a' my good kye,  
The ladie winna ha'e me.  
My dadie's a delver of dykes,  
My mither can card and spin,  
And I am a fine fodge lass,  
And the fillar comes linkan in ;  
The fillar comes linkan in,  
And it is fou fair to see,  
And fifty times wow ! O wow !  
What ails the lads at me ?

When ever our *Baty* does bark,  
 Then fast to the door I rin,  
 To see gin ony young spark  
 Will light and venture but in:  
 But never a ane will come in,  
 Though mony a ane gaes by,  
 Syne far ben the house I rin;  
 And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first pray'rs,  
 I pray'd but anes i' the year,  
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,  
 And a lad with muckle gear.  
 When I was at my neist pray'rs,  
 I pray'd butt now and than,  
 I fash'd na my head about gear,  
 If I get a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last pray'rs,  
 I pray on baith night and day,  
 And O! if a beggar wad come,  
 With that same beggar I'd gae.  
 And O! and what'll come o' me!  
 And O! and what'll I do?  
 That sic a braw lassie as I  
 Should die for a wooer I trow.



### LUCKY NANSY.

Tune, *Dainty Davy*.

**W**HILE fops in fast *Italian* verse,  
 Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,  
 While sangs abound and sence is scarce,  
 These lines I have indited:  
 But neither darts nor arrows here,  
*Venus* nor *Cupid* shall appear,  
 And yet with these fine sounds I swear,  
 The maidens are delighted.

*I was ay telling you,  
 Lucky Nanfy, lucky Nanfy,  
 Auld springs wad ding the new,  
 But ye wad never throw me.*

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,  
 To spread upon my lassie's cheeks ;  
 And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,

*Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.*

I'll fetch nae simile frae *Jove*,  
 My height of extasy to prove,  
 Nor sighing—thus—present my love  
 With roses eek and lilies.

*I was ay telling you, &c.*

But stay,—I had amais't forgot  
 My mistress and my sang to boot,  
 And that's an unco' faut I wat ;

But *Nanfy* 'tis nae matter.

Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,  
 And ken ye, that atones the crime ;  
 Forby, how sweet my numbers chyme,  
 And slide away like water.

*I was ay telling you, &c.*

Now ken, my reverend sonfy fair,  
 Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,  
 Thy half shut een and hodling air,  
 Are a' my passion's fewel.

Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,  
 Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee ;  
 Yet thou hast charms anew for me,  
 Then smile, and be na cruel.

*Leeze me on thy snawy pow,  
 Lucky Nanfy, lucky Nanfy,  
 Driest wood will eitheft low,  
 And Nanfy sae will ye now.*

Troth I have sung the sang to you,  
 Which ne'er anither bard wad do ;

Hear then my charitable vow,

Dear venerable *Nansy*.

But if the world my passion wrang,

And say ye only live in sang,

Ken I despise a stand'ring tongue,

And sing to please my fanfy.

*Leeze me on thy, &c.*

Q.

\*\*\*\*\*

## A SCOTS CANTATA.

The Tune after an *Italian* Manner.

*Composed by Signior* LORENZO BOCCHI.

### RECITATIVE.

**B**LATE *Johnny* faintly told fair *Jean* his mind;  
*Jeany* took pleasure to deny him lang;  
 He thought her scorn came frae her heart unkind,  
 Which gart him in despair tune up this sang.

### AIR.

O bonny lassie, since 'tis sae,  
 That I'm despis'd by thee,  
 I hate to live, but O I'm wae,  
 And unko sweer to die.  
 Dear *Jeany*, think what dowy hours  
 I thole by your disdain;  
 Ah! should a breast sae fast as yours,  
 Contain a heart of stane?

### RECITATIVE.

These tender notes did a' her pity move,  
 With melting heart she listen'd to the boy;  
 O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him her love:  
 He in return thus sang his rising joy.





## MAGIE'S Tocher.

*To its ain Tune.*

THE meal was dear short syne,  
 We buckl'd us a' the gither;  
 And *Magie* was in her prime,  
 When *Willie* made courtship till her:  
 Twa pistals charg'd beguets,  
 To gie the courting shot;  
 And syne came ben the lass,  
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.  
 He first speer'd at the guidman,  
 And syne at *Giles* the mither,  
 An ye wad gi's a bit land,  
 We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye shall hae,  
 I'll gi' you her by the hand;  
 But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fat,  
 Or I part wi' my land.  
 Your Tocher it fall be good,  
 There's nane fall hae its maik,  
 The lass bound in her snood,  
 And *Grummie* who kens her stake:  
 With an auld bedden o' claiths,  
 Was left me by my mither,  
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes  
 Ye may cudle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, guidman,  
 But ye maun mend your hand,  
 And think o' modesty,  
 Gin ye'll not quat your land:  
 We are but young, ye ken,  
 And now we're gaw'n the gither,  
 A house is butt and benn,  
 And *Grummie* will want her sother.

The bairns are coming on,  
 And they'll cry, O their mither!  
 We have nouthier pat nor pan,  
 But four bare legs thegither.

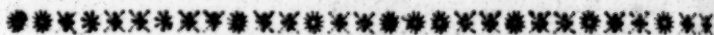
Your tocher's be good enough,  
 For that ye need na fear,  
 Twa good stils to the pleugh,  
 And ye your sell maun steer:  
 Ye shall hae twa good pocks  
 That anes were o' the tweel,  
 The tane to had the grots,  
 The ither to had the meal:  
 With ane auld kist made of wands,  
 And that fall be your coffer,  
 Wi' aiken woody bands,  
 And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,  
 We hae but borrow'd gear,  
 The horse that I ride on  
 Is *Sandy Wilson's* mare:  
 The saddle's nane of my ain,  
 An' thae's but borrow'd boots,  
 And whan that I gae hame,  
 I maun take to my coots:  
 The cloak is *Geordy Watt's*,  
 That gars me look sae crouse;  
 Come fill us a cogue of swats,  
 We'll make na mair toom ruse.

I like you well, young lad,  
 For telling me sae plain,  
 I married when little I had,  
 O' gear that was my ain.  
 But sin that things are sae,  
 The bride she maun come furth,  
 Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,  
 It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,  
 Fy cry on *Giles* the mither:  
 Content am I, quo' she,  
 E'en gar the hiffie come hither.  
 The bride she gade till her bed,  
 The bridegroom he came till her;  
 The fidler crap in at the fit,  
 An' they cudl'd it a' thegither.

Z.



## S O N G.

Tune, *Blink over the Burn*, sweet BETTY.

**L**EAVE kindred and friends, sweet *Betty*,  
 Leave kindred and friends for me:  
 Assur'd thy servant is stedd  
 To love, to honour, and thee.  
 The gifts of nature and fortune  
 May fly by chance as they came;  
 They're grounds the destinies sport on,  
 But virtue is ever the same.

Aitho' my fancy were roving,  
 Thy charms so heavenly appear,  
 That other beauties disproving,  
 I'd worship thine only, my dear.  
 And shou'd life's sorrows embitter,  
 The pleasure we promis'd our loves,  
 To share them together is fitter,  
 Than moan afunder, like doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,  
 To grasp my love in my arms!  
 By thee to be grasp'd and kissed,  
 And live on thy heaven of charms?  
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,  
 Shou'd fortune capricious prove;  
 Tho' death shou'd tear me to pieces,  
 I'd die a martyr to love.

S O N G S.

29

S O N G.

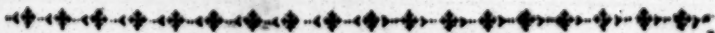
Tune, *The bonny grey-cy'd Morning.*

**C**ELESTIAL muses, tune your lyres,  
Grace all my raptures with your lays,  
Charming, enchanting *Kate* inspires,  
In lofty sounds her beauties praise :  
How undesigning she displays  
Such scenes as ravish with delight ;  
Tho' brighter than meridian rays,  
They dazzle not, but please the sight.

Blind god, give this, this only dart,  
I neither will nor can her harm,  
I would but gently touch her heart,  
And try for once if that cou'd charm.  
Go, *Venus*, use your fav'rite wile,  
As she is beauteous, make her kind,  
Let all your graces round her smile  
And sooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,  
And all my anxious cares remov'd,  
In moving notes I'll tell the maid,  
With what pure lasting flames I lov'd.  
Then shall alternate life and death,  
My ravish'd stat'ring soul possess,  
The softest tend'rest things I'll breath,  
Betwixt each am'rous fond caress.

O.



S O N G.

Tune, *The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

**S**UBJECTED to the pow'r of love,  
By *Nell's* resistless charms,  
The fancy fixt no more can rove,  
Or by soft love's alarms.

E 2

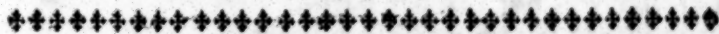


Gay *Damon* had the skill to shun  
All traps by *Cupid* laid,  
Until his freedom was undone  
By *Nell* the conquering maid.

But who can stand the force of love,  
When she resolves to kill?  
Her sparkling eyes love's arrows prove,  
And wound us with our will.

O happy *Damon*, happy fair,  
What *Cupid* has begun,  
May faithful *Hymen* take a care  
To see it fairly done.

**G.**



S. O N G.

Tune, *Logan Water.*

*Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloc.*

TELL me, *Hamilla*, tell me why  
Thou dost from him that loves thee run?  
Why from his soft embraces fly,  
And all his kind endearments shun?

So flies the *fawn*, with fear oppress'd,  
Seeking its *mother* ev'ry where,  
It starts at ev'ry empty blast,  
And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,  
To gaze the glories of thy face,  
Not with a hateful step pursue,  
As age to rifle every grace.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy,  
But haste all rivals to outshine,  
And grown mature and ripe for joy,  
Leave *mama's* arms, and come to *mine*.

W.

*A South-Sea Song.**Tune, For our lang biding here.*

**W**HEN we came to *London* town,  
 We dream'd of gowd in gowpens here,  
 And rantinly ran up and down,  
 In rising stocks to buy a skair :  
 We dastly thought to row in rowth,  
 But for our daffin paid right dear ;  
 The lave will fare the war in trowth,  
 For our lang biding here.

But when we find our purfes toom,  
 And dainty stocks began to fa',  
 We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom  
 Girn'd at stockjebbing ane and a'.  
 If ye gang near the *South-Sea* house,  
 The whillywha's will grip your gear,  
 Syne a' the lave will fare the war,  
 For our lang biding here.

*Hap me with thy Petticoat.*

**O** *BELL*, thy looks have kill'd my heart,  
 I pass the day in pain,  
 When night returns I feel the smart,  
 And wish for thee in vain,  
 I'm starving in cold, while thou art warm :  
 Have pity and incline,  
 And grant me for a hap that charm-  
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze,  
 Still wanders o'er thy charms,  
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways,  
 Present thee to my arms.



Does the death of a lintwhite give *Annie* the spleen?

Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee?

Can lap-dogs and monkees draw tears frae these een,

That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,

And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;

O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and cany,

And think on thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

Ah! should a new manto or *Flanders* lace head,

Or yet a wee cottie, though never sae fine,

Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,

That anes had some hope of purchasing thine?

Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,

And dinna prefer your fleegaries to me;

O! as thou art bonny, be solid and cany,

And tent a true lover wha doats upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* edition of new-fangle *Sany*,

Though gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,

By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,

And aim at these benisons promis'd to me?

Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,

And never prefer a light dancer to me;

O! as thou art bonny, be constant and cany,

Love only thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,

That slide away safely between thee and me,

E'er squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power

To rival my love and impose upon thee.

Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,

And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;

O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and cany,

And love him wha's langing to centre in thee.

*The BOB of DUMBLANE.*

**L**ASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle;  
 And I'll lend you my thripling kame;  
 For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,  
 If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane*.  
 Hasten ye, gang to the ground of your trunkies,  
 Busk ye braw and dinna think shame;  
 Consider in time, if leading of monkies  
 Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,  
 And take my word and offer again,  
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,  
 Ye did nae accept of the *Bob of Dumblane*.  
 The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,  
 And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane,  
 Away then, leave baith minny and dady,  
 And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane*.

*SONG, Complaining of Absence.*

*Tune, My Apron, Deary.*

**A**H *Chloe*! thou treasure, thou joy of my breast,  
 Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest,  
 I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn,  
 There sigh for my charmer, and long to return,  
 The fields all around me are smiling and gay,  
 But they smile all in vain—my *Chloe's* away:  
 The field and the grove can afford me no ease,—  
 But bring me my *Chloe*, a desert will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms,  
 I'm cold to the fairest, though glowing with charms;  
 In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye;  
 These are not the looks of my *Chloe*, I cry.



These looks where bright love, like the sun, sits enthron'd,

And smiling diffuses his influence round,

'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd,

Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight,

It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night ;

But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,

In secret I languish, a prey to despair,

But absence and torment abate not my flame,

My *Chloe's* still charming, my passion the same ;

O ! would she preserve me a place in her breast,

Then absence would please me, for I would be blest.

R.



## S O N G.

Tune, *I fix'd my Fancy on her.*

**B**RIGHT *Cynthia's* power divinely great,  
What heart is not obeying ?

A thousand *Cupid's* on her wait,

And in her eyes are playing.

She seems the queen of love to reign ;

For she alone dispenses

Such sweets as best can entertain

The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,

Her breath gives balmy blisses ;

I hear an angel when she sings,

And taste of heaven in kisses.

Four senses thus she feasts with joy,

From nature's richest treasure :

Let me the other sense employ,

And I shall die with pleasure.

X.

## S O N G.

Tune, *I lov'd a bonny Lady.*

**T**ELL me, tell me, charming creature,  
 Will you never ease my pain?  
 Must I die for ev'ry feature?  
 Must I always love in vain?  
 The desire of admiration  
 Is the pleasure you pursue;  
 Pray thee, try a lasting passion,  
 Such a love as mine for you.  
 Tears and sighing could not move you;  
 For a lover ought to dare:  
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,  
 Then you said I went too far.  
 Are such giddy ways befitting?  
 Will my dear be fickle still?  
 Conquest is the joy of women,  
 Let their slaves be what they will.  
 Your neglect with torment fills me,  
 And my desp'rate thoughts increase;  
 Pray, consider, if you kill me,  
 You will have a lover less.  
 If your wand'ring heart is beating  
 For new lovers let it be:  
 But when you have done coqueting,  
 Name a day, and fix on me.

---

*The R E P L Y.*

**I**N vain, fond youth; thy tears give o'er;  
 What more, alas! can *Flavia* do?  
 Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore:  
 All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those sighs, and weep no more ;  
Should heaven and earth with thee combine,  
'Twere all in vain, since any power,  
To crown thy love, must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease thy pain,  
I'll sooth the ills I cannot cure,  
Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,  
And all that I inflict endure.

X.

~~~~~

The rose in YARROW.

Tune, *Mary Scot.*

'T WAS summer, and the day was fair,
Resolv'd a while to fly from care,
Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
I wander'd o'er the braes of *Yarrow* ;
Till then despising beauty's power,
I kept my heart, my own secure ;
But *Cupid's* art did there deceive me,
And *Mary's* charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive ?
No ransom take for *Mary's* slave ?
Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me ;
Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
No bondage may with mine compare,
Since first I saw this charming fair :
This beauteous flower, this rose of *Yarrow*,
In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one request,
Pd ask to ly in *Mary's* breast ;
There would I live or die with pleasure,
Nor spare this world one moment's leisure ;
Despising kings and all that's great,
I'd smile at courts and courtiers fate ;

My joy complete on such a marrow,
I'd dwell with her and live on *Tarrow*.

But tho' such blifs I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I'll wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her;
For leaving life I'll always love her.
What doubts distract a lover's mind?
That breast, all softness, must prove kind;
And she shall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous rose of *Tarrow*. C.

The Fair PENITENT.

A SONG,—*To its ain Tune.*

A Lovely lass to a friar came
To confess in a morning early,
*In what, my dear, art thou to blame?
Come own it all sincerely.*

I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a lad that loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,
Is what I now discover.

*Then you to Rome for that must go,
There discipline to suffer.*

Lake a day, Sir! if it must be so,
Pray with me send my lover.

*No, no, my dear you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing;*

*But if with me you'll repeat the same
I'll pardon your past failing.*

I must own, Sir, tho' I blush for shame,
That your penance is prevailing. X,

The last time I came o'er the Moor.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
 I left my love behind me,
 Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me ?
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chasteely sporting ;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings when she was nigh me ;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me ;
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me :
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter :
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the *Alps* shall cover,
 On *Greenland* ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

VOL. I.

F

O had I all that wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 'That none but bonny she,
 The lass of *Pattie's* mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
 Of my dear *Delia* take a care,
 And represent her lover
 With all the gaiety of youth,
 With honour, justice, love and truth;
 Till I return, her passions sooth,
 For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid slave,
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her.
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,
 For me, who know how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind,
 Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition.
 Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance ly,
 Whose hop'd for pleasure, when come night,
 Prove nothing in fruition.

But cast into a mold divine,
 Fair *Delia* does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.
 Let poets in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise;
 Let sons of music pass whole days,
 With well-tun'd reeds to please her.



The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN *April*, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
 The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* would often times go
 Towilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn:
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
 That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young *Moya* be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
 But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That *Madie* in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth:
 But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
 And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mama's fine daughter with all her great dow'ry
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:
 Then, sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
 The witty sweet *Susie* his mistress might be.

N A N N Y — O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health, —
 'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
 I'll save myself, and without stealth,
 Kiss and caress my *Nanny* — O.
 She bids more fair t' engage a *Jove*
 Than *Leda* did or *Danaë* — O.
 Were I to paint the queen of love,
 None else should sit but *Nanny* — O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely — O,
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely — O.
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest *Britannia*,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me *Nanny* — O.

C H O R U S.

My bonny, bonny Nanny — O,
My lovely charming Nanny — O.
I care not though the world know
How dearly I love Nanny — O.



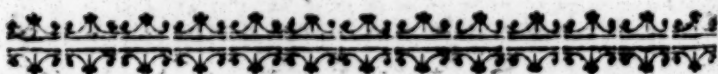
B O N N Y J E A N.

LOVE'S Goddess in a myrtle grove,
 Said, *Cupid*, bend thy bow with speed
 Nor let the shaft at random rove,
 For *Jeany's* haughty heart must bleed.
 The smiling boy, with divine art,
 From *Paphos* shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean*.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
 Refuses *Willy's* kind address;
 Her yielding blushes shew no care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.
 No more the youth is sullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the green,
 While every day he spies some new
 Surprising charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind,
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind:
 Riches he looks on with disdain,
 The glorious fields of war look mean;
 The chearful hound and horn give pain,
 If absent from his bonny *Jean*.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
 Which even in summer shorten'd seems;
 When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than *Troy's* prize, the *Spartan* queen,
 With breaking day, he lifts his sight,
 And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.



Throw the Wood Laddie.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn?
 Thy presence cou'd ease me,
 When naething can please me:
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
 Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing ;
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
 When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
 That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell :
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith evening and morning ;
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood, laddie, I wander my fell.
 Then stay, my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in langour, till that happy day, (play.
 When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and



Down the Burn DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When *Mary* was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye :
 Blyth *Davy's* blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.
 Now *Davie* did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this burn side,
 And *Mary* was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride ;
 Her cheeks were rosiè, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue ;
 Her looks were like *Aurora* bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said !
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd ;
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down ;
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And naething sure unmeet ;
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a wawk sae sweet ;
 And that they aften shou'd return
 Sic pleasure to renew.

Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

C.



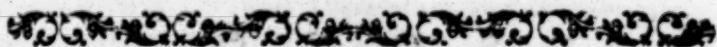
S O N G.

Tune, *Gilder Roy*.

A H! *Chloris*, cou'd I now but sit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your infant beauty cou'd beget
 No happiness nor pain.
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire,
 Wou'd take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine.
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine :
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest ;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While *Cupid* at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart :—
 Each gloried in their wanton part ;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art :—
 To make a beauty, she.



S O N G.

Tune, *The yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
 Approach from your sports and attend to my strain;
 Amongst all your number a lover so true,
 Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard hearted as mine ?
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine ;
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies :
 She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my sighs,
 A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair !

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears :
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ;
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
 My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair :
 The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so !
 And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she shou'd love, whom she cannot admire;
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.



S O N G.

Tune, *When she came ben she bobed.*

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
Let's have no more female impert'nance and noise;
For I've try'd the endearments and pleasures of love,
And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies by Jove.

When first of all *Betty* and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a saint:
But I found her *religion*, her *face*, and her *love*,
Were *hypocrisy*, *paint*, and *self int'rest*, by Jove.

Sweet *Cecil* came next with her languishing air,
Her *outside* was orderly, modest and fair;
But her *soul* was *sophisticate*, so was her *love*,
For I found she was only a *strumpet* by Jove.

Little double gift *Jenny's* gold charm'd me at last:
(You know *marriage and money together* does best.)
But the *baggage* forgetting her *vows* and her *love*,
Gave her gold to a *fool's*ling dull *coxcomb*, by Jove.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys:
Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise:
I know few of the sex that are worthy my love;
And for *strumpets* and *jilts*, I abhor them, by Jove.

L.

DUMBARTON DRUMS.

DUMBARTON's Drums beat bonny O,
 When they mind me of my dear *Johnny* O,
 How happy am I,
 When my soldier is by,
 While he kisses and blisses his *Anny* O!
 'Tis a soldier alone can delight me O,
 For his graceful looks do invite me O:
 While guarded in his arms,
 I'll fear no wars alarms,
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me O.
 My love is a handsome laddie O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy O:
 Though commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year;
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie O.
 A soldier has honour and brav'ry O,
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knav'ry O:
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or the king;
 For every other care is but slav'ry O.
 Then I'll be the captain's lady O;
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy O;
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And whene'er that beats I'll be ready O.
Dumbarton's Drums sound bonny O,
 They are sprightly like my dear *Johnny* O:
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my soldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blisses his *Anny* O!

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Though they return with scars?

These are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars :
Welcome, my VARO, to my breast,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest,
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
A thousand *Cupid's* play,
Whilst through the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay :
Since your return the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state ;
Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball :
But sunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline,
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
You may pursue the chase,
And, after a blythe bottle, end
All cares in my embrace :
And in a vacant rainy day
You shall be wholly mine ;
We'll make the hours run smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,
And signs of gen'rous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above :
Next day, with consent and glad haste,
They 'pproach'd the sacred shrine ;
Where the good priest the couple blest,
And put them out of pine.

The Lads of LIVINGSTON.

PAIN'D with her slighting *Jamie's* love,
Bell dropt a tear—*Bell* dropt a tear,
 The Gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear.
 They heard the praises of the youth
 From her own tongue—from her own tongue,
 Who now converted was to truth,
 And thus she sung—and thus she sung:

Blest days when our ingenious sex,
 More frank and kind—more frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex;
 But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Wou'd he return—wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again would give him care,
 Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain,
 Yet still thought shame—yet still thought shame,
 When he my yielding heart did gain,
 To own my flame—to own my flame?
 Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy—and seem too coy?
 Which makes me now, alas! lament
 My slighted joy—my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
 Own your desire—own your desire,
 While love's young pow'r with his soft wing
 Fans up the fire—fans up the fire,
 O do not with a silly pride,
 Or low design—or low design,
 Refuse to be a happy bride,
 But answer plain—but answer plain.

Men may be foolish if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty,
 To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
 Doating on a proud beauty :
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear,
 False *Betty's* charms now disappear,
 Since *Peggy's* far outshine them.



BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY.

O *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 They are twa bonny lasses,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' rushes.
 Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter ;
 But *Mary Gray's* twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now *Bessy's* hair's like a lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a *May* morning,
 When *Phæbus* starts frae *Thetis'* lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waste and feet's fu' genty ;
 With ilka grace she can command ;
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And *Mary's* locks are like a crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay sae clean redd up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,—
 O *Jove*, she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 Ye unco fair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses :
 Wae's me for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

I'll never-leave thee.

JOHNNY.

THOU' for seven years and mair, honour shou'd
 reave me,
 To fields where cannons roar, thou need na grieve thee:
 For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented ;
 And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

O *Johnny*, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover ;
 And nought i' the world wad vex my heart fairer,
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh, it wad grieve me !
 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JOHNNY.

My *Nelly*, let never sic fancies oppress ye,
 For while my blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye :
 Your blooming fast beauties first beeted love's fire,
 Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, *Johnny* I frankly this minute allow ye
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye ;

And gin you prove fause, to your sell be it said then,
Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrong a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, heavens! it wad reave me
Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNNY.

Bid iceshogles hammer red gauds on the studdy,
And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy,
Bid *Britons* think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

My Deary, if you die.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My *Peggy*, if thou die.

Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me:
Without thee I shall never live,
My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray?
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.

I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see:
Then I'll renounce all women-kind,
My *Peggy*, after thee.

No new blawn beauty fires my heart
With *Cupid's* raving rage,
But thine which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.
'Twas this that like the morning sun
Gave joy and life to me;

But what if dancing on the green,
And skipping like a mawking,
If they should see my clouted shoon,
Of me they will be tauking.

Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,

Janet, Janet ;

Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,

My Jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,

When ye gae to the cross then,

For the love ye bear to me,

Buy me a pacing horse then.

Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,

Janet, Janet ;

Pace upo' your spinning wheel,

My Jo Janet.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,

The rock o't winna stand, Sir,

To keep the temper-pin in tiff,

Employs aft my hand, Sir,

Make the best o't that ye can,

Janet, Janet ;

But like it never wale a man,

My Jo Janet.



S O N G.

Tune, *John Anderson my Jo.*

WHAT means this niceness now of late,

Since time that truth doth prove ;

Such distance may consist with state,

But never will with love.

'Tis either cunning or disdain

That does such ways allow ;

The first is base, the last is vain :

May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
 You over-act your part;
 And if it be to have me gone,
 You need not ha'f that art:
 For if you chance a look to cast,
 That seems to be a frown,
 I'll give you all the love that's past,
 The rest shall be my own.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

MITHER.

AULD *Rob Morris* that wins in yon glen, (men,
 He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld
 Has fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too;
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Ha'd your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
 For his eild and my eild can never agree:
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen;
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Ha'd your tongue, daughter, and lay by your pride,
 For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride:
 He shall ly by your side, and kiss ye too;
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld *Rob Morris* I ken him fou weel,
 His a—— it sticks out like ony peet-creel,
 He's out-shin'd, in-knee'd, and ringle-ey'd too;
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Though auld *Rob Morris* be an elderly man,
 Yet his auld brags it will buy a new pan;
 Then, daughter, ye shouldna be so ill to shoo,
 For auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But auld *Rob Morris* I never will hae,
His back is fae stiff, and his beard is grown gray :
I had titter die than live wi' him a year ;
Sae mair of *Rob Morris* I never will hear. Q.

S O N G.

Tune, *Come kiss with me, come clap with me, &c.*

PEGGY.

MY *Jocky* blyth, for what thou'st done,
There is nae help nor mending ;
For thou hast jogg'd me out of tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.
My mither sees a change on me,
For my complexion dashes,
And this, alas ! has been with thee
Sae late amang the rashes.

JOCKY.

My *Peggy*, what I've said I'll do,
To free thee frae her scouling ;
Come then and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling,
For her content I'll instant wed,
Since thy complexion dashes ;
And then we'll try a feather-bed,
'Tis faster than the rashes.

PEGGY.

Then, *Jocky*, since thy love's so true,
Let mither scoul, I'm easy :
Sae lang's I live I ne'er shall rue
For what I've done to please thee.
And there's my hand I's ne'er complain :
Oh ! well's me on the rashes ;
Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
And a fig for a' their clashes. Z.

S O N G.

Tune, *Rother's Lament*; or, *Pinky-house*.

AS *Sylvia* in a forest lay,
 To vent her woe alone;
 Her swain *Sylvander* came that way,
 And heard her dying moan,
 Ah! is my love (she said) to you
 So worthless and so vain:
 Why is your wonted fondness now
 Converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn,
 E'er you'd exchange your love;
 In shades now may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To ev'ry oath you swore?
 But ah! it seems they most deceive,
 Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind:
 Alas! I see it, but too late,
 My love had made me blind.
 For you, delighted I could die:
 But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that credulous, constant I
 Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.

This said—all breathless, sick and pale,
 Her head upon her hand,
 She found her vital spirits fail,
 And senses at a stand.
Sylvander then began to melt:
 But e'er the word was given,
 The heavy hand of death she felt,
 And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

M

The Young Laird and Edinburgh Katy.

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street my jo?
My mistress in her tartan screen,
Fow bonny, braw and sweet my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wisht a lover ill,
Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O *Katy*, wiltu' gang wi' me,
And leave the dinfome town a while:
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the summer's gaw'n to smile:
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleeting lambs, and whistling hynd,
In ilka dale, green, shaw and park,
Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day,
Bends his morning draught of dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
And gather flow'rs to busk your brow:
We'll pou the daisies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog:
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny, fast and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

K A T Y ' S A N S W E R .

MY mither's ay glowran owre me,
 Though she did the same before me;
 I canna get leave
 To look to my loove,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take your offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher,
 Then *Sandy*, ye'll fret,
 And wyte your poor *Kate*,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty,
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweer,
 To twine wi' his gear;
 And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion;
 Brag well o' your land,
 And there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.



M A R Y S C O T .

HAPPY'S the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of heav'n, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of Fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the flower of *Tarrow*?

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the Gods above must share;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and blefs me with a smile:
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing fwain the banks of *Tarrow*.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My *Mary's* tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish:
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky;
 When *Mary Scot's* become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise in *Tarrow*.

O'ER BOGIE.

I *Will awa' wi' my love,*
I will awa' wi' her,
Though a' my kin had sworn and said,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
 If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae;
 Though ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For filler or for land.
 Let rakes delight to swear and drink,
 And beaus admire fine lace,
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On *Betty's* bonny face.
I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, treats and air,
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare :
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms ;
 How blest I'll be, when she's my wife,
 And lock't up in my arms !
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I'll cry, your humble servant, king,
 Shame fa' them that wa'd change.
 A kifs of *Betty* and a smile,
 A'beit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to *Britain's* isle,
 And offer me your crown.
I will awa', &c.

O'er the Moor to Maggy.

AND I'll o'er the Moor to *Maggy*,
 Her wit and sweetness call me,
 Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
 Whatever may befall me.
 If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing :
 Or likes the *Nine* to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in *Pindus'* spring,
 And invoke *Appollo*.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheath my limbs in armour ;
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her :
 If she love grandeur, day and night,
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's fight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding ;
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny *Maggy's* love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom blazes.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

A *T* Polwart on the green
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do convene
 To dance about the thorn.

A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say *Na*,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the snaw,
 While inwardly they bleeze ;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee ;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs na to be free.

At *Polwart* on the green,
 Among the new mawn hay,
 With sangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome day.
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

John Hay's Bonny Lassie.

BY smooth winding *Tay* a swain was reclining,
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
 My fell thus away, and darna discover
 'To my bonny *Hay* that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger;
 If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer:
 'Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
 May be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as *Aurora*,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-mor-
 'The sward of the mead enamel'd with daisies, (row,
 Looks wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
 The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter:
 'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
 Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
 Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:
 I'm all on a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye,
 For a' my desire is *Hay's* bonny lassie.



CATHARINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While *May's* sweet scent did chear my brain,
 From flow'rs which grew so rarely:
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 She shin'd though it was fogie;
 I ask'd her name: Sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is *Catharine Ogie*.

I stood a while and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear
 In a country maid so neatly ;
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lily in a bogie ;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same *Catharine Ogie*.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
 Though thou art drest in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee ;
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Far excels any clownish rogie ;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming *Catharine Ogie*.

O were I but some shepherd swain !
 To feed my flock beside thee,
 At boughting-time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee ;
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With *Kate*, my club, and dogie,
 Than he who hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but *Catharine Ogie*.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmens' dang'rous stations :
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations :
 Might I carefs and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
 For these are toys and still look less,
 Compar'd with *Catharine Ogie*.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.

Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and fogie :
 Pity my case, ye powers above,
 Else I die for *Catharine Ogie*.



An thou wert my ain Thing.

OF race divine thou needst must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee ;
 For heaven's sake, oh ! favour me
 Who only lives to love thee.

*An thou wert my ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee ;
 An thou wert my ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee !*

The Gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save ;
 O ! for their sake support a slave,
 Who only lives to love thee.

An thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love and for your sake,
 What man can name I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I love thee.

An thou wert, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
 Till Fates my thread of life have spun,
 Which breathing out I'll love thee.

An thou wert, &c.

* * * * *

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the Gods envy me.

An thou wert, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in fast whispers through the night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.

An thou wert, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my *Jean*,
She moves a Goddess o'er the green;
Were I a king, thou shouldst be queen,
Nane but mysel aboon thee.

An thou wert, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs shou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.

An thou wert, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
In shining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of nae delay,
O let nae scorn undo thee.

An thou wert, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
Hae, there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And, with ilk smile, tho shalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.

An thou wert, &c.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY sweetest *May*, let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
And, as your constant slave, regard it,
Syné for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a kiss and a smile,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are,
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That when in pools I see thee clean 'em;
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain,
Though kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks lest they shou'd wander,
Gin thou'lt gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin.
'That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

For the Love of Jean.

JOCKY said to *Jeany*, *Jeany*, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' *Jeany*, for my tocher-good,
For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
E'en's ye like, quo' *Johnny*, ye may let it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
 I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byer,
 A stack afore the door, I'll make a rantin fire,
 I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be :
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to *Jocky*, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be. Z.



S O N G.

Tune, *Peggy, I must love thee.*

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade,
 Young *Colin* lay complaining;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid :
 Without hopes of obtaining :
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
 Though pity cannot move thee ;
 Though thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, *Peggy*, I must love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,
 That thus you cruelly use him !
 If love's a fault 'tis that alone,
 For which you should excuse him !
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languish ;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish,

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where ev'ry maid invites me ;
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
 For thee that only slights me :
 This love that fires my faithful heart
 By all but thee's commended.
 Oh ! wouldst thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.
 That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over,
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas ! though it should ne'er relent,
 Nor *Colin's* care e'er move thee,
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
 My *Peggy*, I must love thee.

C.

Genty *TIBBY*, and sonsy *NELLY*.

Tune, Tibby Fowler in the Glen.

T *TIBBY* has a store o' charms,
 Her genty shape our fancy warms ;
 How strangely can her sma' white arms
 Fetter the lad who looks but at her ;
 Fra'er ancle to her slender waist,
 These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her ;
 Her rosy cheek, and rising breast,
 Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' water.

NELLY's gawfy, fast and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in *May* ;
 Ilk ane that sees her, crys, *Ah hey*
She's bonny ! O I wonder at her.
 The dimples of her chin and cheek ;
 And limbs sae plump invite to dawt her ;
 Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,
 Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
 My wyson with the maiden shore,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa stars appear thegither,
 O love! why dost thou gi'e thy fires
 Sae large, while we're oblig'd to nither
 Our spacious fauls immense desires,
 And ay be in a hankerin swither?

TIBT's shape and airs are fine,
 And *Nelly's* beauties are divine:
 But since they canna baith be mine,
 Ye Gods, give ear to my petition,
 Provide a good lad for the tane,
 But let it be with this provision,
 I get the other to my lane,
 In prospect *plano* and fruition.



Up in the Air.

NOW the sun's gane out o' sight,
 Beet the ingle, and snuff the light;
 In glens the fairies skip and dance,
 And witches wallop o'er to *France*.
 Up in the air
 On my bonny grey mare,
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet.
 Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and sna',
 O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
 Nae starns keek through the azure slit,
 'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit,
 The man i' the moon
 Is carousing aboon;
 D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet?
 The man, &c.

Take your glaſs to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir heals the ſpleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inſpire,
And gently puffs the lover's fire.

Up in the air,
It drives away care ;
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost ;
Come, *Willie*, gi's about your tost ;
Tilt't, lads, and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythsome bout.
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair :
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads yet.
Up wi't, &c.



Fy gar rub ber o'er wi' Strac.

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gi'e her a kiss, and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty huffy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time:
Then lads and lasses, while 'tis *May*,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
When *Jenny* speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Naith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook :
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
 Where lies the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face,
 Nineteen na-fays are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss :
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennifons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the Gods indulgent grant :
 Then, surly carls, whisht, forbear
 To plague us with your whining cant.



PATIE AND PEGGY.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
 And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
 I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
 You're made for love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done :
 The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
 Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sow'r.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetness they may tine, and fae may ye :
 Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half year.

PEGGY.

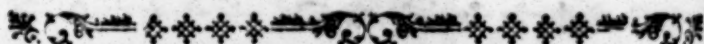
Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
 Into my *Patie's* arms for good and a':
 But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
 And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares away,
 I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day:
 A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
 'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
 Gang soon to bed and quickly rise;
 O lash your steeds, post time away,
 And haste about our bridal day:
 And if ye're wear'd, honest light,
 Sleep gin ye like a week that night.*

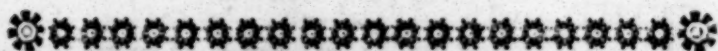


THE MILL, MILL — O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
 Was sleeping sound and still O;
 A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
 Around her with good will O:
 Her bosom I prest; but sunk in her rest,
 She stir'dna my joy to spill O:
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
 And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill O.
 Oblig'd by command in *Flanders* to land,
 T'employ my courage and skill O,
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
 For the wind blew fair on the bill O.
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising
 Tald me with a voice right shrill O, (fame
 My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
 I ferlyng speer'd how she fell O;
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell O:
 Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
 And bade her a' fears expell O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the mart
 Wha had done her deed mysell O.

My bonny sweet las on the gowany grafs,
 Beneath the *Shilling-bill* O,
 If I did offence, I'll make ye amends
 Before I leave *Peggy's mill* O.
O the mill, mill O, and the kill, kill O,
And the coggin of the wheel O:
The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round with a sodger reel O.



COLIN and GRISY parting.

Tune, Woe's my heart that we should sunder.

WITH broken words, and down-cast eyes,
 Poor *Colin* spoke his passion tender:
 And, parting with his *Grisy* cries.
 Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go:
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,
 Nor time nor place shall ever change
 My vows, though we're oblig'd to sunder.

And O! quo' she, ann I were as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,
I'd clead me braw and lady like,

And awa' with thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wilily they shot the lock,

And fast to the bent are they gane.

Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claife;

Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,

To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,

The strae was cauld, he was away,

She clapt her hands, cry'd Waladay,

For some of our gear will be gane.

Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,

But nought was stown that could be mist,

She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,

I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,

The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,

Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,

And bid her come quickly ben.

The servant gade where the daughter lay,

The sheets were cauld, she was away,

And fast to her goodwife did say,

She's aff with the Gaberlunzy-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,

And haste ye find these traitors again;

For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,

The wearifu' Gaberlunzy-man.

Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,

The wife was wood, and out o' her wit:

She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,

But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,

Cut frae a new cheefe a whang :
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzy-man.

O kenn'd my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,

After the Gaberlunzy-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' nae learn'd the beggars tongue.
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the Gaberlunzy on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,

To carry the Gaberlunzy on.
I'll bow my leg and crook my knee,
And draw a black cloot o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

I.



THE CORDIAL.

Tune; Where shall our Goodman lie.

H E.

WHERE wad bonny *Anny* lie?
Alane nae mair ye maun lie;
Wad ye a goodman try?
Is that the thing ye're lacking!

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There's gowd in your garters, *Marion*,
 And silk on your white haufs-bane ;
 Fu' fain wad I kifs my *Marion*,
 At e'en when I come hame.

There's braw lads in *Earnshaw*, *Marion*,
 Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
 At kirk, when they see my *Marion* ;
 But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ews, my *Marion* ;
 A cow and a brawny quey,
 I'll gi'e them a' to my *Marion*,
 Just on her bridal-day ;
 And ye's get a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat of the *London* brown ;
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my *Marion* ;
 Nane dances like me on the green :
 And gin ye forsake me, *Marion*,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' *Jean* ;
Sae put on your parlins, *Marion*,
 And kytile of the cramasie ;
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west, and see ye.

Q.



The blythsome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liltin there ;
 For *Jocky's* to be married to *Maggy*,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.
 And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
 And bannocks of barley-meal ;
 And there will be good sawt herring,
 To relish a cog of good ale.
Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be *Saney* the sutor,
 And *Will* wi' the meikle mou';
 And there will be *Tam* the blutter,
 With *Andrew* the tinkler, I trow;
 And there will be bow'd legged *Robbie*,
 With thumble's *Katy's* goodman;
 And there will be blue-checked *Dorobie*,
 And *Lawrie* the laird of the land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be sow libber *Patie*,
 And plucky-fac'd *Wat* i' the mill,
 Caper-nos'd *Francie* and *Gibbie*,
 That wins in the how of the hill;
 And there will be *Alaster Sibbie*,
 Wha in with black *Bessy* did mool,
 With snivelling *Lilly* and *Tibby*,
 The lafs that stands aft on the stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,
 And coft him grey breeks to his arse,
 Who after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd na warse:
 And there will be glee'd *Geordy Fanners*,
 And *Kirsh* with the lilly-white leg,
 Wha gade to the south for manners,
 And bang'd up her wame in *Mons-meg*.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Judan MacLawrie*,
 And blinkin dast *Barbara Macleg*,
 Wi' flae lugged sharney fac'd *Lawrie*,
 And shangy-mou'd haluket *Meg*.
 And there will be happer-ars'd *Nansy*,
 And fairy-fac'd *Flawrie* by name,
 Muck *Madie*, and fat hippit *Grisy*,
 The lafs wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Girn again Gibbie*,
 With his glaikit wife *Jenny Bell*,
 And misle shinn'd *Mungo Macapie*,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 The lads and lasses in pearlins
 Will feast in the heart of the ha*,
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith foddan and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
 With fouth of good gabbocks of skate,
 Powfowdy and drammock, and crowdy,
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate.
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whytens and speldings enew,
 With singed sheep-heads, and a haggies,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbocks,
 And sowens, and farls, and baps,
 With swats, and well scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps :
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 With shink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrypt haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie ;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be liting there,
For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,
The last wi' the gowden hair.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
But O they're vain and idly gawdy !
How much unlike that gracefu' mein,

And manly looks of my highland laddie
*O my bonny bonny highland laddie,
My handsome charming highland laddie ;
May heaven still guard, and love reward
Our lawland lass and her highland laddie.*

If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without trows,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrough's-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown ;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady,
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady ;
But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

ALLAN-WATER:

Or, My Love Anny's very bonny.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat?
 What verse be found to praise my *Anny*?
 On her ten thousand graces wait,
 Each swain admires and owns she's bonny.
 Since first she trode the happy plain,
 She set each youthful heart on fire;
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,
 That *Anny* kindles new desire.

This lovely darling dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming *Anny*,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When *Flora's* fragrant breezes fan ye.
 All day the am'rous youths convene,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd *Amyntor* came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Anny*;
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, Why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your love must be deny'd;
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid's* art,
 His wyles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
 He stole away my virgin heart;
 Cease poor *Amyntor*, cease bewailing.

Some brighter beauty you may find,
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to *Damon* his own *Anny*.

C.



The Collier's bonny Laffy.

THE collier has a daughter,
 And O she's wonder bonny,
 A laird he was that sought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money:
 The tutors watch'd the motion
 Of this young honest lover;
 But love is like the ocean;
 Wha can it's depth discover!

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected;
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.

The collier's bonny lassie,
 Fair as the new blown lily,
 Ay sweet, and never faucy,
 Secur'd the heart of *Willy*.

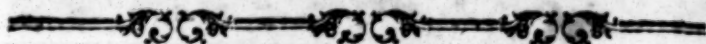
He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her.
 After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye:

VOL. I.

K

For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'tis my duty
 To ware what heaven has lent me,
 Upon your wit and beauty.



WHERE HELEN LIES,

To——in Mourning.

AH! Why those tears in *Nelly's* eyes!
 To hear thy tender sighs and cries,
 The Gods stand list'ning from the skies,
 Pleas'd with thy piety.

To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
 And of one dying take a care,
 Who views thee as an angel fair,
 Or some divinity.

O be less graceful, or more kind,
 And cool this fever of my mind,
 Caus'd by the boy severe and blind;
 Wounded, I sigh, for thee;
 While hardly dare I hope to rise
 To such a height by *Hymen's* ties,
 To lay me down where *Helen* lies,
 And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love, and die,
 When such a sovereign cure is by?
 No; she can love, and I'll go try,
 Whate'er my fate may be,
 Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes,
 With those dear agents I'll advise,
 They tell the truth when tongues tell lies,
 The least believed by me.

S O N G.

Tune, *Gallowshiels*.

A H the shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her :
 The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For oh ! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling.
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee ;
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.



To L. M. M.

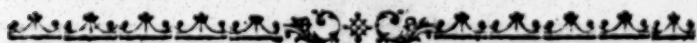
Tune, *Ranting roaring Willy*.

O *MARY!* thy graces and glances,
 Thy smiles so enchantingly gay,
 And thoughts so divinely harmonious
 Clear wit and good humour display.

But say not thou'lt imitate angels ;
 Ought fairer, though scarcely, ah me!
 Can be found equalizing thy merit,
 A match amongst mortals for thee.

'Thy many fair beauties shed fires
 May warm up ten thousand to love,
 Who despairing, may fly to some other,
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.
 What a mixture of sighing and joys
 This distant adoring of thee,
 Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,
 Who loves in sad silence like me ?

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure,
 And shipwreck'd, on land skips on shore :
 Be still more divine and have pity ;
 I die soon as hope is no more.
 For, *MARY*, my soul is thy captive,
 Nor love, nor expects to be free ;
 'Thy beauties are setters delightful,
 Thy slav'ry's a pleasure to me.



This is no mine ain House.

THIS is not mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't ;
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't,
 For now that I'm young *Robie's* bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the trigging o't.
 Then farewell to my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me ;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.

When *Hymen* moulds us into ane,
 My *Robie's* nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

~~~~~  
*Fint a Crum of thee she faws.*

**R**ETURN hameward, my heart again,  
 And bide where thou wast wont to be,  
 Thou art a fool to suffer pain  
 For love of ane that loves not thee:  
 My heart, let be sic fantasie,  
 Love only where thou hast good cause;  
 Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,  
 The fint a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect shouldst thou be thrall?  
 Be happy in thine ain free-will,  
 My heart, be never bestial,  
 But ken wha does thee good or ill:  
 At hame with me then tarry still,  
 And see wha can best play their paws,  
 And let the silly fling her fill,  
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Though she be fair, I will not fenzy,  
 She's of a kind with mony mae;  
 For why, they are a felon menzy  
 That seemeth good, and are not fae.

My heart, take neither sturt nor wae  
 For *Meg*, for *Marjory*, or *Maufe*,  
 But be thou blyth, and let her gae,  
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Remember, how that *Medea*  
 Wild for a sight of *Jafon* gaed,  
 Remember, how young *Cressida*  
 Left *Troilus* for *Diomede*;  
 Remember *Helen*, as we read,  
 Brought *Troy* from blifs unto bare waws:  
 Then let her gae where she may speed,  
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,  
 For her depart my heart was fair,  
 But was beguil'd; gae where she will,  
 Beshrew the heart that first takes care:  
 But be thou merry late and air,  
 This is the final end and clause,  
 And let her seed and fooly fair,  
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,  
 Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill,  
 Nor gie a sob, although she sneest,  
 She's fairest paid that gets her will.  
 She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,  
 When she glaicks paughty in her brows;  
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,  
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Z.

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### To Mrs. E. C.

Tune, *Sae merry as we have been.*

NOW *Phæbus* advances on high  
 Nae footsteps of winter are seen:  
 The birds carrol sweet in the sky,  
 And lambkins dance reels on the green,



My dady was harsh,  
 My minny was warfe,  
 That gart him gae 'yont the sea,  
 Without an estate,  
 That made him look blate;  
 And yet a brave lad is he.  
 Gin sae he come hame,  
 In spite of my dame,  
 He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers nae advice  
 Of parents o'er wise,  
 That have but ae bairn like me,  
 That looks upon cash,  
 As naething but trash,  
 That shackles what shou'd be free.  
 And though my dear lad  
 Not ae penny had,  
 Since qualities better has he;  
 Abeit I'm an heirefs,  
 I think it but fair is,  
 To love him, since he loves me.

Then, my dear *Jamie*,  
 To thy kind *Jeanie*,  
 Hasten, hasten thee in o'er the sea,  
 To her wha can find  
 Nae ease in her mind,  
 Without a blyth sight of thee.  
 Though my dady forbad,  
 And my minny forbad,  
 Forbidden I will not be;  
 For since thou alone  
 My favour hast won,  
 Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,  
 Or without their leave,  
 Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee:



Be content with a heart,  
That can never desert,  
Till they cease to oppose or be.  
My parents may prove  
Yet friends to our love,  
When our firm resolves they see ;  
Then I with pleasure  
Will yield up my treasure  
And a' that love orders to thee.



*Tune, Steer her up, and haud her gaun*

**O** Steer her up, and haud her gawn,  
Her mither's at the mill, jo ;  
But gin she winna tak a man,  
E'en let her tak her will, jo.  
Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,  
Cast thy cares of love away ;  
Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,  
'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glass of claret,  
How invitingly it looks ;  
Take it aff, and let's have mair o't,  
Pox on fighting, trade and books.  
Let's have pleasure while we're able,  
Bring us in the meikle bowl,  
Plac't on the middle of the table,  
And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it  
Fou, as ever it can hold :  
O tak tent ye dinna spill it,  
'Tis mair precious far than gold :  
By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,  
*Bacchus* will begin to prove,  
Spite of *Venus* and her *Mumpers*,  
Drinking better is than love.

*Clout the Caldron.*

**H**AVE you any pots or pans,  
 Or any broken chandlers?  
 I am a tinkler to my trade,  
 And newly come frae *Flanders*,  
 As scant of filler as of grace,  
 Disbanded we've a bad run;  
 Gar tell the Lady of the place,  
 I'm come to clout her caldron.  
*Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.*

Madam, if you have wark for me,  
 I'll do't to your contentment,  
 And dinna care a single flie  
 For any man's resentment;  
 For lady fair, though I appear  
 To ev'ry ane a tinkler,  
 Yet to yoursel I'm bauld to tell,  
 I am a gentle jinker.  
*Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.*

Love *Jupiter* into a swan  
 Turn'd for his lovely *Leda*;  
 He like a bull o'er meadows ran,  
 To carry aff *Europa*.  
 Then may not I, as well as he,  
 To cheat your *Argos* blinker,  
 And win your love, like mighty *Jove*,  
 Thus hide me in a tinkler.  
*Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.*

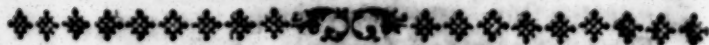
Sir, ye appear a cunning man,  
 But this fine plot you'll fail in,  
 For there is neither pot nor pan  
 Of mine you'll drive a nail in.  
 Then bind your budget on your back,  
 And nails up in your apron,  
 For I've a tinkler under tack  
 That's us'd to clout my caldron.  
*Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.*

*The Malt-Man.*

THE malt-man comes on *Monday*,  
 He craves wonder fair,  
 Cries, *Dame, come gi'e me my filler,*  
*Or malt ye fall ne'er get mair.*  
 I took him into the pantry,  
 And gave him some good cock-broo,  
 Syne paid him upon a gantree,  
 As hostler wives should do.

When malt-men come for filler,  
 And gaugers with wands o'er soon,  
 Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,  
 And clear them as I have done.  
 This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,  
 Will keep them frae making din,  
 The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,  
 The snackest of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,  
 But I can be as flee,  
 And he may crack of his winning,  
 When he clears scores with me :  
 For come when he likes, I'm ready ;  
 But if frae hame I be,  
 Let him wait on our kind lady,  
 She'll answer a bill for me.

*Bonny Bessy.*

*Tune, Bessy's Haggies.*

BESSY's beauties shine fae bright,  
 Were her many virtues fewer,  
 She wad ever give delight,  
 And in transport make me view her.

Bonny *Bessy*, thee alane  
 Love I, naething else about thee;  
 With thy comelineis I'm tane,  
 And langer cannot live without thee.

*BESSY*'s bosom's fast and warm,  
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd;  
 He who takes her to his arm,  
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.  
 My dear *Bessy*, when the roses  
 Leave thy cheek, as thou growst aulder,  
 Virtue, which thy mind discloses,  
 Will keep love frae growing caulder.

*BESSY*'s tocher is but scanty,  
 Yet her face and soul discovers  
 These enchanting sweets in plenty  
 Must intice a thousand lovers.  
 It's not money, but a woman  
 Of a temper kind and easy,  
 That gives happiness uncommon,  
 Petted things can nought but teaze ye.



*Omnia vincit Amor.*

AS I went forth to view the spring  
 Which *Flora* had adorned  
 In raiment fair; now every thing  
 The rage of winter scorned:  
 I cast mine eye, and did espy  
 A youth, who made great clamor;  
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,  
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breast he lay along,  
 Hard by a murm'ring river,  
 And mournfully his doleful song  
 With sighs he did deliver,

Ah! *Jeany's* face has comely grace,  
 Her locks that shine like lammer,  
 With burning rays have cut my days;  
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

Her glancy een like comets shine,  
 The morning sun out-shining,  
 Have caught my heart in *Cupid's* net,  
 And make me die with pining.  
 Durst I complain? Nature's to blame,  
 So curiously to frame her,  
 Whose beauties rare make me with care  
 Cry, *omnia vincit amor*.

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,  
 Be partners of my mourning,  
 Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,  
 Condemn her for her scorning:  
 Let every tree a witness be,  
 How justly I may blame her;  
 Ye chanting birds, note these my words,  
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor*.

Had she been kind as she was fair,  
 She long had been admir'd,  
 And been ador'd for virtues rare,  
 Wh' of life now makes me tir'd.  
 Thus said, his breath began to fail,  
 He could not speak, but stammer;  
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,  
 But *omnia vincit amor*.

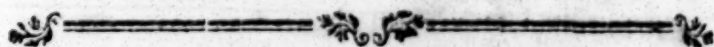
When I observ'd him near to death,  
 I run in haste to save him,  
 But quickly he resign'd his breath,  
 So deep the wound love gave him.  
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,  
 My tongue shall ay defame her,  
 While on his herse I'll write this verse,  
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor*.



Straight I consider'd in my mind  
 Upon the matter rightly,  
 And found, though *Cupid* he be blind,  
 He proves in pith most mighty.  
 For warlike *Mars*, and thund'ring *Jove*,  
 And *Vulcan* with his hammer,  
 Did ever prove the slaves of love,  
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

Hence we may see th' effects of love,  
 Which gods and men keep under,  
 That nothing can his bonds remove,  
 Or torments break afunder:  
 Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school,  
 To learn this from his grammar;  
 His heart's the book, where he's to look,  
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

Q.



*The auld Wife beyont the Fire.*

I.

**T** H E R E was a wife won'd in a glen  
 And she had dochters nine or ten,  
 That sought the house baith but and ben,  
 To find their mam a snifhing.

*The auld wife beyont the fire,*

*The auld wife aniest the fire,*

*The auld wife aboon the fire,*

*She died for lack of snifhing.*

II.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,  
 Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn,  
 For I maun hae a young goodman  
 Shall furnish me with snifhing.

*The auld wife, &c.*

## III.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,  
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,  
 And if ye with a younker wald,  
 He'll waste away your snishing  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## IV.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,  
 O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,  
 Besides ha'f blind, you have the gout,  
 Your mill can haud nae snishing.  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## V.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,  
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump,  
 And will nae langer live in dump,  
 By wanting of my snishing.  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## VI.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky fluff,  
 Mother, if you can crack a nut,  
 Then we will a' consent to it,  
 That you shall have a snishing.  
*The auld wife, &c.*

## VII.

The auld ane did agree to that,  
 And they a pistol-bullet gat;  
 She powerfully began to crack,  
 To won herself a snishing.  
*The auld wife, &c.*

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*Note.* Snishing, in it's literal meaning, is snuff made of Tobacco; but, in this song, it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, &c.

## VIII.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,  
And 'tween her gums fae squeeze and row't,  
While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,  
And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.

*The auld wife, &c.*

## IX.

At last she gae a desperate squeez,  
Which brak the lang tooth by the neez,  
And syne poor stumpy was at ease,  
But she tint hopes of snifhing.

*The auld wife, &c.*

## X.

She of the task began to tire,  
And frae her dochters did retire,  
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,  
And died for lack of snifhing.

*The auld wife, &c.*

## XI.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,  
As soon as ye're past mark of mouth,  
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,  
And leave off thoughts of snifhing:

*Else like this wife beyont the fire,  
Your bairns against you will conspire;  
Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,  
A young man with your snifhing.*

Q.



*I'll never love thee more.*

**M**Y dear and only love, I pray,  
That little world of thee,  
Be govern'd by no other sway,  
But purest monarchy:

For if confusion have a part,  
Which virtuous souls abhor,  
I'll call a synod in my heart,  
And never love thee more.

As *Alexander* I will reign,  
And I will reign alone,  
My thoughts did evermore disdain  
A rival on my throne.  
He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,  
And always give the law,  
And have each subject at my will,  
And all to stand in aw :  
But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find  
Thou storm or vex me fore,  
As if thou set me as a blind,  
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,  
Where I should solely be,  
If others do pretend a part,  
Or dares to share with me :  
Or committees if thou erect,  
Or go on such a score,  
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,  
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain  
Thy love and constant word,  
I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
And glorious by my sword.  
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,  
As ne'er was known before ;  
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,  
And love thee more and more.

*The Blackbird.*

UPON a fair morning for soft recreation,  
 I heard a fair lady was making her moan,  
 With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,  
 Saying, My *blackbird* most royal is flown.  
 My thoughts they deceive me,  
 Reflexions do grieve me,  
 And I am o'erburden'd with sad misery ;  
 Yet, if death should blind me,  
 As true love inclines me,  
 My *blackbird* I'll seek out, wherever he be.  
 Once in fair *England* my *blackbird* did flourish,  
 He was the chief flower that in it did spring ;  
 Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,  
 Because he was the true son of a king ;  
 But since that false fortune,  
 Which still is uncertain.  
 Has caused this parting between him and me,  
 His name I'll advance  
 In *Spain* and in *France*,  
 And seek out my *blackbird*, wherever he be.  
 The birds of the forest all met together,  
 The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove ;  
 And I am resolv'd in foul or fair weather,  
 Once in the spring to seek out my love.  
 He's all my heart's treasure,  
 My joy and my pleasure ;  
 And justly (my love) my heart follows thee,  
 Who art constant and kind,  
 And courageous of mind,  
 All bliss on my *blackbird*, wherever he be.  
 In *England* my *blackbird* and I were together,  
 Where he was still noble and gen'rous of heart,  
 Ah ! wo to the time that first he went thither,  
 Alas ! he was forc'd from thence to depart.



S O N G S.

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In *Scotland* he's deem'd,  
 And highly esteem'd,  
 In *England* he seemeth a stranger to be ; -  
 Yet his fame shall remain,  
 In *France* and in *Spain* ;  
 All blis to my *blackbird*, wherever he be  
 What if the fowler my *blackbird* has taken,  
 Then fighting and fobbing will be all my tune ;  
 But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,  
 And hope yet to see him in *May* or in *June*.  
 For him through the fire,  
 Through mud and through mire,  
 I'll go ; for I love him to such a degree,  
 Who is constant and kind,  
 And noble of mind,  
 Deserving all blessings, wherever he be.  
 It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,  
 Nor though, like a pilgrim, I wander forlorn,  
 I may meet with friendship of one is a stranger,  
 More than of one that in *Britain* is born.  
 I pray heaven so spacious,  
 To *Britain* be gracious,  
 Tho' some there be odious to both him and me,  
 Yet joy and renown,  
 And laurels shall crown  
 My *blackbird* with honour, wherever he be.

---

Tak your auld cloak about you.

I N winter when the rain rain'd cauld,  
 And frost and spaw on ilka hill,  
 And *Boreas*, with his blasts sae bauld,  
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :  
 Then *Bell*, my wife, wha loves na strife,  
 She said to me right hastily,  
 Get up, goodman, save *Cromy's* life,  
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My *Cromie* is an useful cow,  
 And she is come of a good kine;  
 Aft has she wet the bairns mou,  
 And I am laith that she shou'd tyne;  
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,  
 The sun shines in the lift fae hie;  
 Sloth never made a gracious end,  
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,  
 When it was fitting for my wear;  
 But now it's scanty worth a groat,  
 For I have worn't this thirty year;  
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,  
 We little ken the day we'll die:  
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn,  
 To have a new cloak about me.

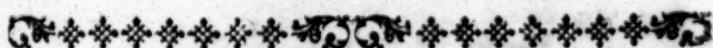
In days when our king *Robert* rang,  
 His trews they cost but ha'f a crown;  
 He said, they were a groat o'er dear,  
 And call'd the taylor thief and loun.  
 He was the king that wore a crown,  
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,  
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,  
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;  
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;  
 Do ye not see *Rob*, *Jock*, and *Hab*,  
 As they are girded gallantly,  
 While I sit hurklen in the ase,  
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years,  
 Since we did ane anither ken;  
 And we have had between us twa,  
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten:

Now, they are women grown and men,  
 I wish and pray well may they be ;  
 And if you prove a good husband,  
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

*Bell*, my wife, she loves na strife ;  
 But she wad guide me, if she can,  
 And to maintain an easy life,  
 I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman :  
 Nought's to be won at weman's hand,  
 Unless ye give her a' the plea ;  
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
 And tak my auld cloak about me.



*The Quadruple Alliance.*

*Tune, Jocky blyth and gay.*

**S**WIFT, *Sandy, Young, and Gay*,  
 Are still my heart's delight,  
 I sing their fangs by day,  
 And read their tales at night.  
 If frae their books I be,  
 'Tis dulness then with me ;  
 But when these stars appear,  
 Jokes, smiles, and wit shine clear.

*Swift* with uncommon stile,  
 And wit that flows with ease  
 Instructs us with a smile,  
 And never fails to please.  
 Bright *Sandy* gladly sings  
 Of heroes, Gods, and kings :  
 He well deserves the bays,  
 And every *Briton's* praise.

While thus our *Homer* shines :  
    *Young*, with *Horacian* flame,  
Corrects these false designs  
    We push in love of fame.  
    Blyth *Gay* in pawky strains,  
    Makes villains, clowns, and swains  
    Reprove, with biting leer,  
    Those in a higher sphere.

*Swift*, *Sandy*, *Young*, and *Gay*,  
    Long may you give delight ;  
Let all the *dunces* bray,  
    You're far above their spite :  
    Such, from a malice sour,  
    Write nonsense, lame and poor,  
    Which never can succeed,  
    For, who the trash will read ?

END OF THE FIRST PART.

T H E  
T E A - T A B L E  
M I S C E L L A N Y .

P A R T II.

~~~~~

*She sung—the youth attention gave,
And charms on charms espies :
Then all in raptures falls a slave,
Both to her voice and eyes.*

~~~~~

T O C L A R I N D A .  
A S O N G .

*Tune, I Wish my Love were in a Mine.*

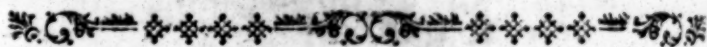
**B** L E S T as the immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak, and sweetly smile, &c.  
So spoke and smil'd the eastern maid ;  
Like thine, seraphic were her charms,  
That in *Circassia's* vineyards stray'd,  
And blest the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair of high desert,  
Strave to enchant the amorous king ;  
But the *Circassian* gain'd his heart,  
And taught the royal bard to sing.



*Clarinda* thus our sang inspires,  
And claims the smooth and highest lays,  
But while each charm our bosom fires,  
Words seem too few to sound her praise.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,  
To paint surpasses human skill:  
Her majesty, mixt with the sweet,  
Let seraphs sing her if they will.  
Whilst wond'ring with a ravish'd eye,  
We all that's perfect in her view,  
Viewing a sister of the sky,  
To whom an adoration's due.



## S O N G.

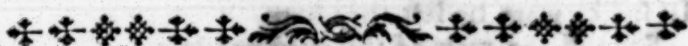
Tune, *Lochaber no more.*

**F**AREWELL to *Lochaber*, and farewell my *Jean*,  
Where heartsome with thee I've many day been;  
For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,  
We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.  
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,  
And no for the dangers attending on weir,  
Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.  
Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd,  
By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd.  
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jean*, maun plead my excuse,  
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?

Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.  
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,  
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and *Lechaber* no more.



*The auld Goodman.*

**L** A T E in an evening forth I went,  
 A little before the sun gaed down,  
 And there I chanc'd by accident,  
 To light on a battle new begun.  
 A man and his wife was sa'n in a strife,  
 I canna well tell you how it began;  
 But ay she wail'd her wretched life,  
 And cry'd ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

**H E.**

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,  
 The country kens where he was born,  
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,  
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;  
 For he did spend, and make an end  
 Of gear that his fore-fathers wan,  
 He gart the poor stand frae the door,  
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

**S H E.**

My heart, alake, is liken to break,  
 When I think on my winsome *John*,  
 His blinken eye, and gate sae free,  
 Was naething like thee, thou dosen'd drone.  
 His rosie face, and flaxen hair,  
 And a skin as white as ony swan,  
 Was large and tall, and comely withal,  
 And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.



But had the great *Apelles* seen that face,  
 When he the *Cyprian* goddess drew,  
 He had neglected all the female race,  
 Thrown his first *Venus* by, and copied you.  
 In that design,  
 Great nature would combine  
 To fix the standard of her sacred coin;  
 The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame,  
 And shrines been rais'd to *Seraphina's* name.

## II.

But since no painter e'er could take  
 That face which baffles all his curious art;  
 And he that strives the bold attempt to make,  
 As well might paint the secrets of the heart;  
 O happy glass, I'll thee prefer,  
 Content to be, like thee, inanimate,  
 Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,  
 A better life and motion would create.  
 Her eyes would inspire,  
 And like *Prometheus' fire*,  
 At once inform the piece and give desire,  
 The charming phantom I would grasp, and fly  
 O'er all the orb, though in that moment die.

## III.

Let meaner beauties fear the day,  
 Whose charms are fading, and submit to time;  
 The graces which from them it steals away,  
 It with a lavish hand still adds to thine.  
 The God of love in ambush lies,  
 And with his arms surrounds the fair,  
 He points his conquering arrows in these eyes,  
 Then hangs a sharp'ned dart at every hair.  
 As with fatal skill,  
 Turn which way you will,  
 Like *Eden's flaming sword* each way you kill;  
 So rip'ning years improve rich nature's store,  
 And gives perfection to the golden ore. P.

*Lafs with a Lump of Land.*

**G** I'E me a lafs with a lump of land,  
 And we for life shall gang thegither,  
 Though daft or wife, I'll never demand,  
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.  
 I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,  
 And bloom alane is na worth a shilling,  
 But she that's rich, her market's made,  
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lafs with a lump of land,  
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;  
 Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,  
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.  
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,  
 I hate with poortith, though bonny, to meddle,  
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,  
 They'll never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,  
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;  
 But beauty and wit, and virtue in rags,  
 Have tint the art of gaining affection;  
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,  
 And castles and riggs, and muirs and meadows.  
 And naething can catch our modern sparks,  
 But well tocher'd lasses, or jointer'd widows.

---

The Shepherd A D O N I S.

I.

**T** H E shepherd *Adonis*  
 Being weary'd with sport,  
 He, for a retirement,  
 To the woods did resort.  
 He threw by his club,  
 And he laid himself down;  
 He envy'd no monarch,  
 Nor wish'd for a crown.



## II.

He drank of the burn,  
 And he ate frae the tree;  
 Himself he enjoy'd,  
 And frae trouble was free.  
 He wish'd for no nymph,  
 Though never sae fair,  
 Had nae love nor ambition,  
 And therefore no care.

## III.

But as he lay thus  
 In an ev'ning fae clear,  
 A heav'nly sweet voice  
 Sounded fast in his ear;  
 Which came frae a shady  
 Green neighbouring grove,  
 Where bonny *Aminta*  
 Sat singing of love.

## IV.

He wander'd that way,  
 And found wha was there,  
 He was quite confounded  
 To see her sae fair:  
 He stood like a statue,  
 Not a foot cou'd he move,  
 Nor knew he what griev'd him;  
 But he fear'd it was love.

## V.

The nymph she beheld him  
 With a kind modest grace,  
 Seeing something that pleased her  
 Appear in his face,  
 With blushing a little  
 She to him did say,  
 Oh shepherd! what want ye,  
 How came you this way?

## VI.

His spirits reviving,  
 He to her reply'd,  
 I was ne'er sae surpris'd  
 At the sight of a maid;  
 Until I beheld thee  
 From love I was free:  
 But now I'm ta'en captive,  
 My fairest, by thee.

Z.

## The COMPLAINT.

To B. I. G.

Tune, *When absent, &c.*

**W**HEN absent from the nymph I love,  
 I'd fain shake off the chains I wear;  
 But whilst I strive these to remove,  
 More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.  
 My captiv'd fancy day and night  
 Fairer and fairer represents  
*Belinda* form'd for dear delight,  
 But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander through the groves,  
 And sighing hear from ev'ry tree  
 The happy birds chirping their loves,  
 Happy, compar'd with lonely me.  
 When gentle sleep with balmy wings  
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,  
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,  
 That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddess fair,  
 And all the graces in her train,  
 With melting smiles and killing air  
 Appears the cause of all my pain.  
 A while my mind delighted flies  
 O'er all her sweets with thirling joy,  
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,  
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.



But thou'd my cankard dady gar  
 Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,  
 I warn the fumbler to beware,  
 That antlers dinna claim their station.  
 Howt awa, I winna hae him?  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!  
 I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,  
 Sae lawty says, I shou'd na hae him.

## V I R T U E and W I T.

*The Preservatives of Love and Beauty.*

Tune, *Killikranky.*

H E.

**C** O N F E S S thy love, fair blushing maid,  
 For since thine eye's consenting,  
 Thy faster thoughts are a' betray'd,  
 And na says no worth tenting.  
 Why aims thou to oppose thy mind,  
 With words thy wish denying?  
 Since nature made thee to be kind,  
 Reason allows complying.

Nature and reason's joint consent  
 Make love a sacred blessing,  
 Then happily that time is spent,  
 That's war'd on kind careffing.  
 Come then, my *Katie*, to my arms,  
 I'll be nae mair a rover;  
 But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,  
 And prove a faithful lover.

S H E.

What you design, by nature's law,  
 Is fleeting inclination,  
 That *Willy Wisp* bewilds us a'  
 By its infatuation.  
 When that goes out, careffes tire,  
 And love's na mair in season,  
 Syne weakly we blow up the fire,  
 With all our boasted reason.

## H E.

The beauties of inferior cast  
 May start this just reflection ;  
 But charms, like thine, maun always last,  
 Where wit has the protection.  
 Virtue and wit, like *April* rays,  
 Make beauty rise the sweeter ;  
 The langer then on thee I gaze,  
 My love will grow completer.

## S O N G.

Tune, *The happy Clown.*

**I**T was the charming month of *May*,  
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,  
 One morning by the break of day,  
 Sweet *Chloe*, chaste and fair,

From peaceful slumber she arose,  
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,  
 And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,  
 To breathe a purer air.

Her looks so sweet, so gay her mein,  
 Her handsome shape, and dress so clean,  
 She look'd all o'er like beauty's queen,  
 Drest in her best array.

The gentle winds, and purling stream,  
 Assay'd to whisper *Chloe's* name,  
 The savage beasts, till then ne'er tame,  
 Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people, one might see,  
 Perch'd all around her on a tree,  
 With notes of sweetest melody  
 They act a cheerful part.

The dull slaves on the toilsome plow,  
 Their wearied necks and knees do bow,  
 A glad subjection there they vow,  
 To pay with all their heart.



The bleating flocks that then came by,  
 Soon as the charming nymph they spy,  
 They leave their hoarse and rueful cry,  
 And dance around the brooks.

The woods are glad, the meadows smile,  
 And *Ferth* that foam'd and roar'd ere while,  
 Glides calmly down and smooth as oil,  
 Through all its charming crooks.

The finny squadrons are content  
 To leave their wat'ry element,  
 In glazie numbers down they bent,  
 They flutter all along.

The insects, and each creeping thing,  
 Join'd to make up the rural ring;  
 All frisk and dance, if she but sing.  
 And make a jovial throng.

Kind *Phabus* now began to rise,  
 And paint with red the eastern skies,  
 Struck with the glory of her eyes,  
 He shrinks behind a cloud.

Her mantle on a bow she lays,  
 And all her glory she displays,  
 She left all nature in amaze,  
 And skip'd into the wood. X.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Lady ANNE BOTHWELL's Lament.

**B**ALOW, my boy, ly still and sleep,  
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep:  
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,  
 Thy mourning makes my heart full sad,  
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,  
 Thy father bred me great annoy.  
*Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,*  
*It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,  
And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;  
But smile not as thy father did,  
To cozen maids, nay God forbid;  
For in thine eye his look I see,  
The tempting look that ruin'd me.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

When he began to court my love,  
And with his sugar'd words to move,  
His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear,  
In time to me did not appear;  
But now I see that cruel he  
Cares neither for his babe nor me.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,  
That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth,  
Let never any after me,  
Submit unto thy courtesy:  
For, if they do, O! cruel thou  
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I was too cred'lous at the first,  
To yield thee all a maiden durst,  
Thou swore for ever true to prove,  
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;  
But quick as thought the change is wrought,  
Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I wish I were a maid again,  
From young mens flattery I'd refrain,  
For now unto my grief I find,  
They all are perjur'd and unkind;  
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,  
Witness my babe lies in my arms.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I take my fate from bad to worse,  
That I must needs be now a nurse,

And lull my young son on my lap,  
 From me, sweet orphan, take the pap.  
 Balow, my child, thy mother mild  
 Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,  
 Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,  
 Nor pity her deserved smart,  
 Who can blame none but her fond heart;  
 For, too soon trusting latest finds,  
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,  
 When he the thriftless son has play'd,  
 Of vows and oaths, forgetful he  
 Prefer'd the wars to thee and me.  
 But now, perhaps, thy curse and raine  
 Make him eat acorns with the swine.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

But curse not him, perhaps now he,  
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:  
 Perhaps at death; for who can tell,  
 Whether the Judge of heaven or hell,  
 By some proud foe has struck the blow,  
 And laid the dear deceiver low.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

I wish I were into the bounds,  
 Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,  
 Repeating, as he pants for air,  
 My name, whom once he call'd his fair.  
 No woman's yet so fiercely set,  
 But she'll forgive, though not forget.

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,  
 Then quickly to him would I make  
 My smock once for his body meet,  
 And wrap him in that winding sheet.

Ah me! how happy had I been,  
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein?

*Balow, my boy, &c.*

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee;  
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:  
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,  
God grant thee patience when they come;  
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,  
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

*Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,  
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

X.

---

S O N G.

*She raise and loot me in.*

THE night her silent sable wore,  
And gloomy were the skies;  
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more  
Than those in *Nelly's* eyes.

When at her father's yate I knock'd,  
Where I had often been,  
She, shrouded only with her smock,  
Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,  
She trembling stood asham'd;  
Her swelling breast, and glowing face,  
And ev'ry touch enflam'd.

My eager passion I obey'd,  
Resolv'd the fort to win;  
And her fond heart was soon betray'd  
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,  
Transporting was the joy;  
I knew no greater blessing,  
So blest a man was I.

VOL. I.

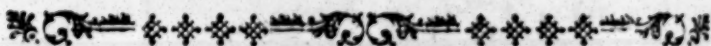
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And she, all ravish'd with delight,  
 Bid me oft come again;  
 And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night  
 She'd rise and let me in.

But ah ! at last she prov'd with bairn,  
 And sighing fat and dull,  
 And I that was as much concern'd,  
 Look'd e'en just like a fool.  
 Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,  
 Repenting her rash sin:  
 She sigh'd and curs'd the fatal hour,  
 That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,  
 Or from such beauty part :  
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
 The charmer of my heart;  
 But wedded, and conceal'd our crime :  
 Thus all was well again,  
 And now she thanks the happy time  
 That e'er she loot me in.

Z.



## S O N G.

*If Love's a sweet Passion.*

**I**F love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?  
 If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint?  
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,  
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?  
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,  
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,  
 And, by passionate silence, I make my love known.  
 But oh! how I'm bless'd when so kind she does prove,  
 By some willing mistake to discover her love,  
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,  
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.



How pleasing is beauty ? how sweet are the charms !  
 How delightful embraces ? how peaceful her arms ?  
 Sure there is nothing so easy as learning to love ;  
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :  
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,  
 For 'tis beauty that conquers, and wins the fair field.



## JOHN OCHILTREE.

**H**ONEST man, *John Ochiltree* ;  
 Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree*,  
 Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,  
 And dance as thou was wont to do !

*Alake, alake, I want to do !*

*Ohon, ohon ! I want to do !*

*Now want to do's away frae me,*  
*Frae silly auld John Ochiltree.*

Honest man, *John Ochiltree* ;  
 Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree* :  
 Come anes out o'er the moor to me,  
 And do but what thou dow to do.

*Alake, alake ! I dow to do !*

*Walaways ! I dow to do !*

*To whist and hirple o'er my tree,*  
*My bonny moor-powt, is a' I may do.*

*Walaways ! John Ochiltree,*  
 For mony a time I tell'd to thee,  
 Thou rade sae fast by sea and land ;  
 And wadna keep a bridle-hand ;  
 Thou'd tine the beast, thy sell wad die,  
 My silly auld *John Ochiltree*.

*Come to my arms, my bonny thing,*  
*And chear me up to hear thee sing ;*  
*And tell me o'er a' we hae done,*

*For thoughts maun now my life sustain...*

Gae thy ways *John Ochiltree* :

Hae done ! it has nae fa'r wi' me.  
 I'll set the beast in throw the land,  
 She'll may be fa' in a better hand,  
 Even sit thou there and drink thy fill,  
 For I'll do as I wont to do still.

Z.

S O N G.

Tune, *Jenny beguil'd the Wabster.*

The-auld chorus.

*Up stairs, down stairs,  
 Timber stairs fear me.  
 I'm laith to ly a' night my lane,  
 And Johnny's bed sue near me.*

**O** Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,  
 Though I'm baith good and bonny,  
 I winna keep ; for in my sleep,  
 I start and dream of *Johnny* :  
 When *Johnny* then comes down the glen,  
 'To woo me, dinna hinder ;  
 But with content, gi' your consent,  
 For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry, than miscarry ;  
 For shame and skaith's the clink o't,  
 To thole the dool, to mount the stool,  
 I downa bide to think o't ;  
 Sae while 'tis time I'll shun the crime,  
 That gars poor *Epps* gae whinging,  
 With haunches fow, and een fae blew,  
 To a' the bedrals binging.  
 Had *Epps*'s apron bidden down,  
 The kirk had ne'er a kend it ;  
 But when the word's gane thro' the town  
 Alake ? how can she mend it ?

Now *Tam* maun face the minister,  
 And she maun mount the pillar:  
 And that's the way that they maun gae,  
 For poor folk has nae filler.

Now ha'd your tongue, my daughter young,  
 Repli'd the kindly mither,  
 Get *Johnny's* hand in haly band,  
 Syne wap your wealth together,  
 I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,  
 Ye'll do your part discreetly;  
 And prove a wife, will gar his life,  
 And barrel run right sweetly.



## S O N G.

Tune, *Wat ye wha I met yestreen*, &c.

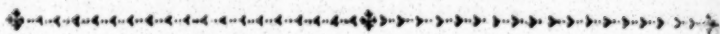
**O**F all the birds whose tuneful throats  
 Do welcome in the verdant spring,  
 I far prefer the *Stirling's* notes,  
 And think she does most sweetly sing.  
 Nor thrush, nor linnet, nor the bird,  
 Brought from the far *Canary* coast,  
 Nor can the nightingale afford,  
 Such melody as she can boast.

When *Phæbus* southward darts his fires,  
 And on our plains he looks askance,  
 The nightingale with him retires,  
 My *Stirling* makes my blood to dance.  
 In spite of *Hyem's* nipping frost,  
 Whether the day be dark or clear,  
 Shall I not to her health entoast,  
 Who makes it summer all the year?

Then by thyself, my lovely bird,  
 I'll stroke thy back, and kiss thy breast:  
 And if you'll take my honest word,  
 As sacred as before the priest,

I'll bring thee where I will devise  
Such various ways to pleasure thee,  
The velvet fog thou wilt despise,  
When on the *downy hills with me.*

T. R.



## S O N G.

*To its own Tune.*

**I**N January last,  
On Munandy at morn,  
As through the fields I past,  
To view the winter corn,  
I looked me behind,  
And saw come o'er the know,  
And glancing in her apron,  
With a bonny brent brow.  
I said, Good-morrow fair maid,  
And she right courteously  
Return'd a beck, and kindly said,  
*Good day, sweet sir, to you.*  
I spear'd, my dear, how far awa  
Do ye intend to gae?  
Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa  
Out o'er yon broomy brae.

H E.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,  
To have sic company;  
For I'm ganging straight that gate,  
Where ye intend to be.  
When we had gane a mile or twain,  
I said to her, My dow,  
May we not lean us on this plain,  
And kiss your bonny mou'.

S H E.

Kind Sir, ye are a wee mistane;  
 For I am nane of these,  
 I hope ye some mair breeding ken,  
 Than to ruffle womens claife:  
 For may be I have chosen ane,  
 And plighted him my vow,  
 Wha may do wi' me what he likes,  
 And kiss my bonny mou'.

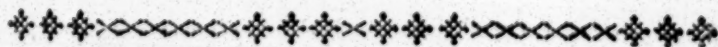
H E.

Na, if ye are contracted,  
 I hae nae mair to say:  
 Rather than be rejected,  
 I will gie o'er the play;  
 And chuse anither will respect  
 My love and on me rew;  
 And let me clasp her round the neck,  
 And kiss her bonny mou'.

S H E.

O sir, ye are proud hearted,  
 And laith to be said nay,  
 Else ye wad ne'er a started  
 For ought that I did say;  
 For women in their modesty,  
 At first they winna bow;  
 But if we like your company,  
 We'll prove as kind as you.

Z.



S O N G.

*Tune, I'll never leave thee.*

**O**NE day I heard Mary say,  
 How shall I leave thee?  
 Stay dearest Adonis, stay,  
 Why wilt thou grieve me?



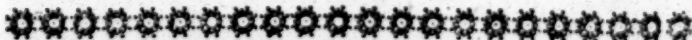
Alas! my fond heart will break,  
 If thou shouldst leave me.  
 I'll live and die for thy sake;  
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, say,  
 Has *Mary* deceiv'd thee!  
 Did e'er her young heart betray  
 New love, that has griev'd thee?  
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,  
 Thou may believe me.  
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,  
 And never leave thee.

*Adonis*, my charming youth,  
 What can relieve thee?  
 Can *Mary* thy anguish sooth!  
 This breast shall receive thee.  
 My passion can ne'er decay,  
 Never deceive thee:  
 Delight shall drive pain away,  
 Pleasure revive thee?

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,  
 How shall I leave thee?  
 O! that thought makes me sad,  
 I'll never leave thee.  
 Where would my *Adonis* fly?  
 Why does he grieve me?  
 Alas! my poor heart will die,  
 If I should leave thee.

C.



### Sleepy Body, Drowsy Body.

**S**OMNOLENTE, *quæso, repente*  
*Vigila, vivat, me tange.*  
 Somnolente, *quæso, repente*  
*Vigila, vive, me la ge.*

*Cum me amiciebas,  
 Videri solebas  
 Amoris negotiis aptus;  
 At factus maritus,  
 In lecto sopitus  
 Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.*

O sleepy body,  
 And drowy body,  
 O wiltuna waken and turn thee:  
 To drivel and draunt,  
 While I sigh and gaunt,  
 Gives me good reason to scorn thee.  
 When thou shouldst be kind,  
 Thou turns sleepy and blind,  
 And snotters and snores far frae me.  
 Wae light on thy face,  
 Thy drowfy embrace  
 Is enough to gar me betray thee.

Q.



### General Lefslly's March to Longmaſton Moor.

**M**ARCH, march,  
 Why the d— do ye na march?  
 Stand to your arms, my lads,  
 Fight in good order,  
 Front about, ye musketeers all,  
 Till ye come to the *Engliſh* border,  
 Stand till't, and fight like men,  
 True goſpel to maintain,  
 The parliament blythe to ſee us a' coming,  
 When to the kirk we come,  
 We'll purge it ilka room,  
 Frae *Papiſh* reliſts, and a' ſic innovations,  
 That a' the world may ſee,  
 There's nane i' the right but we,  
 Of the auld *Scottiſh* nation.

Jenny shall wear the hood,  
 Jocky the fark of God;  
 And the kist fou of whistles,  
 That make sic a cleiro,  
 Our pipers braw,  
 Shall hae them a',  
 Whate'er come on it,  
 Busk up your plaids, my lads,  
 Cock up your bonnets.

*March, march, &c.*

*Z.*

S O N G.

*Tune, I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

H E.

**A** D I E U, for a while, my native green plains,  
 My nearest relations, and neighbouring swains,  
 Dear *Nelly*, frae these I'd start easily free,  
 Were minutes not ages, while absent frae thee.

S H E.

Then tell me the reason thou does not obey  
 The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away;  
 Alake, thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,  
 A lover sae roving will never mind me.

H E.

The reason unhappy, is owing to fate  
 That gave me a being without an estate,  
 Which lays a necessity now upon me,  
 To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

S H E.

Small fortune may serve where love has the sway,  
 Then *Johnny* be counsell'd nae langer to stray,  
 For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,  
 Contented I'll ay find a treasure in thee.

H E.

O'cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray  
 A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way.



## Corn Rigs are bonny.

**M**Y *Patie* is a lover gay,  
 His mind is never muddy,  
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
 His face is fair and ruddy.  
 His shape is handsome, middle size;  
 He's stately in his wawking;  
 The shining of his een surprise;  
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

• Last night I met him on a baw,  
 Where yellow corn was growing,  
 There mony a kindly word he spake,  
 That set my heart a glowing.  
 He kifs'd and vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And loo'd me best of ony;  
 That gars me like to sing sinfyne,  
*O corn rigs are bonny.*

Let maidens of a filly mind  
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
 Since we for yielding are design'd,  
 We chastly should be granting;  
 Then I'll comply, and marry *Pate*,  
 And syne my cockernony;  
 He's free to touzle aire or late,  
 Where corn rigs are bonny.

\*\*\*\*\*

## CROMLET'S LILT.

**S**INCE all thy vows, false maid,  
 Are blown to air,  
 And my poor heart betray'd  
 To sad despair,  
 Into some wilderness,  
 My grief I will express,  
 And thy hard heartedness,  
 O cruel fair.



Have I not graven our loves  
     On every tree :  
 In yonder spreading groves,  
     Tho' false thou be ?

Was not a solemn oath  
 Plighted betwixt us both,  
 Thou thy faith, I my troth,  
     Constant to be ?

Some gloomy place I'll find,  
     Some doleful shade,  
 Where neither sun nor wind  
     E'er entrance had :

Into that hollow cave,  
 There will I sigh and rave,  
 Because thou dost behave  
     So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,  
     I'll drink the spring,  
 Cold earth shall be my seat :  
     For covering  
 I'll have the starry sky  
 My head to canopy,  
 Until my soul on high  
     Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,  
     Nor tears for me :  
 No grave do I desire,  
     Nor obsequies :  
 The corteous *Red breast* he  
 With leaves will cover me,  
 And sing my elegy  
     With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,  
     I'll visit thee,  
 O thou deceitful dame,  
     Whose cruelty

Has kill'd the kindest heart  
That e'er felt *Cupid's* dart,  
And never can desert

From loving thee.

X.



S O N G.

*We'll a' to Kelfo go.*

**A**N I'll awa to bonny *Tweed side*  
And see my deary come throw,  
And he fall be mine,  
Gif fae he incline,  
For I hate to lead *apes* below.

While young and fair,  
I'll make it my care,  
To secure my sell in a jo;  
I'm no sic a fool  
To let my blood cool,  
And syne gae lead *apes* below.

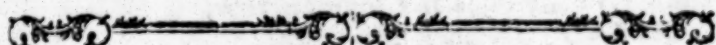
Few words, bonny lad,  
Will eithly persuade,  
Tho' blushing, I dastly say, no,  
Gae on with your strain,  
And doubt not to gain,  
For I hate to lead *apes* below.

Unty'd to a man,  
Do whate'er we can,  
We never can thrive or dow:  
Then I will do weil,  
Do better wha will,  
And let them lead *apes* below.

Our time is precious,  
And Gods are gracious  
That beauties upon us bestow;

'Tis not to be thought,  
We got them for nought,  
Or to be set up for a show.

'Tis carried by votes,  
Come kilt up your coats,  
And let us to *Edinburgh* go,  
Where she that's bonny  
May catch a *Johnny*,  
And never lead *apes* below.



## WILLIAM and MARGARET.

*An old Ballad.*

'T WAS at the fearful midnight hour,  
When all were fast asleep,  
In glided *Margaret's* grimly ghost,  
And stood at *William's* feet.

Her face was pale like *April* morn;  
Clad in a wintry cloud;  
And clay-cold was her lily hand  
That held her fable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown;  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r,  
That sips the silver dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,  
Consum'd her early prime:  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;  
She dy'd before her time.

Awake !—she cry'd, thy true love calls,  
Come from her midnight grave ;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid,  
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,  
When injur'd ghosts complain,  
And aid the secret fears of night,  
To fright the faithless man.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath,  
And give me back my maiden-vow,  
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsake ?  
How could you win that virgin-heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break ?

Why did you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep ?  
Why said you, that my eyes were bright,  
Yet left these eyes to weep ?

How could you swear, my lip was sweet,  
And made the scarlet pale ?  
And why did I, young witless maid,  
Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

That face, alas ! no more is fair ;  
These lips no longer red ;  
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,  
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is ;  
This winding-sheet I wear ;  
And cold and weary lasts our night,  
Till that last morn appear.

But hark !—the cock has warn'd me hence—  
A long and late adieu !

Come see, false man, how low she lies,  
That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,  
And rais'd her glist'ring head;  
Pale *William* quak'd in ev'ry limb;  
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place  
Where *Margaret's* body lay,  
And stretch'd him o'er the green grass turf  
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret's* name,  
And thrice he wept full sore:  
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,  
And word spoke never more. D. M.



### THE COMPLAINT.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,  
The western cloud was lin'd with gold:  
Clear was the sky, the wind was still,  
The flocks were penn'd within the fold;  
When in the silence of the grove,  
Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose,  
From the hard rock or oozy beech;  
Who from each weed that barren grows,  
Expects the grape or downy peach?  
With equal faith may hope to find  
The truth of love in womankind.

No flocks have I, nor fleecy care,  
No fields that wave with golden grain,  
No pastures green, nor gardens fair,  
A woman's venal heart to gain.



Then all in vain my sighs must prove,  
Whose whole estate, alas ! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,  
Since womens hearts are bought and sold !  
They ask no vows of sacred truth ;  
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh to gold.  
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove ;—  
Thus I am scorn'd,—who have but love.

To buy the gems of *India's* coast,  
What wealth, what riches would suffice ?  
Yet *India's* shore should never boast,  
The lustre of thy rival eyes ;  
For there the world too cheap must prove ;  
Can I then buy ?—who have but love.

Then, *Mary*, since nor gems nor ore  
Can with thy brighter self compare,  
Be just, as fair, and value more,  
Than gems or ore a heart sincere :  
Let treasure meaner beauties prove ;  
Who pays thy worth must pay in love.

X.



## S O N G.

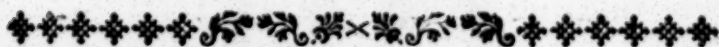
Tune, *Montrose's Lines.*

**I** Toss and tumble through the night,  
And with th' approaching day,  
Thinking when darkness yields to light,  
I'll banish care away :  
But when the glorious sun doth rise,  
And cheers all nature round,  
All thoughts of pleasure in me dies ;  
My cares do still abound.

My tortur'd and uneasy mind  
 Bereaves me of my rest;  
 My thoughts are to all pleasure blind,  
 With care I'm still oppress'd;  
 But had I her within my breast,  
 Who gives me so much pain,  
 My raptur'd soul would be at rest,  
 And softest joys regain.

I'd not envy the god of war,  
 Blest with fair *Venus*' charms,  
 Nor yet the thund'ring *Jupiter*  
 In fair *Alcmena*'s arms:  
*Paris*, with *Helen*'s beauty blest,  
 Would be a jest to me;  
 If of her charms I were possess'd,  
 Thrice happier would I be.

But since the gods do not ordain  
 Such happy fate for me,  
 I dare not 'gainst their will repine,  
 Who rule my destiny.  
 With sprightly wine I'll drown my care,  
 And cherish up my soul;  
 Whene'er I think on my lost fair,  
 I'll drown her in the bowl. I. H. *Jamaica*.



### THE DECEIVER.

WITH tuneful pipe and hearty glee,  
 Young *Waty* wan my heart;  
 A blyther lad ye couldna see,  
 All beauty without art.  
 His winning tale  
 Did soon prevail  
 To gain my fond belief;

But soon the swain  
Gangs o'er the plain,  
And leaves me full, and leaves me full,  
And leaves me full of grief.

Though *Colin* courts with tuneful sang,  
Yet few regard his mane :  
The lasses a' 'round *Waty* thrang,  
While *Colin's* left alane :

In *Aberdeen*  
Was never seen  
A lad that gave sic pain.  
He daily woos,  
And still pursues,  
Till he does all, till he does all,  
Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he has gain'd the bliss,  
Away then does he run  
And hardly will afford a kiss,  
To silly me undone :

Bonny *Katy*,  
*Maggy*, *Beatty*,  
Avoid the roving swain ;  
His wyly tongue  
Be sure to shun,  
Or you like me, or you like me,  
Like me will be undone.

Z.



## SWEET SUSAN.

Tune, *Leader-haugh*s.

I.

THE morn was fair, fast was the air,  
All nature's sweets were springing ;  
The buds did bow with silver dew,  
Ten thousand birds were singing :

When on the bent, with blythe content,  
 Young *Jamie* sang his marrow,  
 Nae bonnier lads e'er trode the grafs  
 On *Leader-haugh* and *Tarrow*.

## II.

How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace  
 In heavenly beauty's planted;  
 Her smiling een, and comely mein  
 That nae perfection wanted.  
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,  
 But blest my bonny marrow;  
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,  
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

## III.

Yet though she's fair, and has full share  
 Of every charm enchanting,  
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill  
 Poor me, if love be wanting.  
 O bonny lads! have but the grace  
 To think, ere ye gae furdur,  
 Your joys maun flit, if ye commit  
 The crying sin of murder.

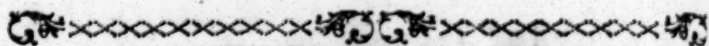
## IV.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,  
 And night and day affright ye;  
 But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,  
 I'll study to delight ye.  
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,  
 From all things joys shall borrow;  
 Thus none shall be more blest than we  
 On *Leader-haugh* and *Tarrow*.

## V.

O sweetest *SUE*! 'tis only you  
 Can make life worth my wishes,  
 If equal love your mind can move  
 To grant this best of blisses.

Thou art my sun, and thy least frown  
 Would blast me in the blossom :  
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,  
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.



## COWDON-KNOWS.

**W**HEN summer comes, the swains on *Tweed*.  
 Sing their successful loves,  
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,  
 And music fills the groves,  
 But my lov'd song is then the broom :  
 So fair on *Cowdon-knows* ;  
 For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There *Colin* tun'd his oaten reed,  
 And won my yielding heart ;  
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on *Tweed*.  
 Could play with half such art.

He sung of *Tay*, of *Forth*, and *Clyde*,  
 The hills and dales all round,  
 Of *Leader-haugh*s, and *Leader-side*.  
 Oh ! how I bless the sound ?

Yet more delightful is the broom  
 So fair on *Cowdon-knows* ;  
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not *Tiviot* braes so green and gay  
 May with his broom compare,  
 Not *Tarrow* banks in flow'ry *May*,  
 Nor the bush aboon *Traquair*.

More pleasing far are *Cowdon-knows*,  
 My peaceful happy home,  
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes  
 At ev'n among the broom.



Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains  
 Where *Tweed* with *Tiviot* flows,  
 Convey me to the best of swains,  
 And my lov'd *Cowdon-knolls*.

C.



## SANDY and BETTY.

**S**ANDY in *Edinburgh* was born,  
 As blythe a lad as e'er gadè thence :  
*Betty* did *Stafford-shire* adorn  
 With all that's lovely to the sense.

Had *Sandy* still remain'd at hame,  
 He had not blinkt on *Betty's* smile ;  
 For why ? he caught the gentle flame  
 On this side *Tweed* full many a mile.

She, like the fragrant violet,  
 Still flourish'd in her native mead :  
 He, like the stream, improving yet  
 The further from his fountain-head.

The stream must now no further stray ;  
 A fountain fix'd by *Venus's* power  
 In his clear bosom, to display  
 The beauties of his bord'ring flower.

When gracious *Anna* did unite  
 Two jarring nations into one,  
 She bade them mutually unite,  
 And make each other's good their own.

Henceforth let each returning year  
 The *rose* and *thistle* bear one stem :  
 The *thistle* be the *rose's* spear,  
 The *rose* the *thistle's* diadem.

The queen of *Britain's* high decree,  
 The queen of love is bound to keep ;  
*Anna* the sovereign of the sea,  
*Venus* the daughter of the deep.

W. B.

## O D E

To Mrs. A. R.

Tune, *Love's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove.*

**N**OW spring begins her smiling round,  
 And lavish paints th' enamel'd ground;  
 The birds now lift their chearful voice,  
 And gay on every bough rejoice:  
 The lovely *graces* hand in hand  
 Knit fast in love's eternal band,  
 With early step, at morning dawn,  
 Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where'er the youthful *sisters* move,  
 They fire the soul to genial love:  
 Now, by the river's painted side,  
 The swain delights his country bride;  
 While pleas'd, she hears his artless vows,  
 Each bird his feather'd consort woos:  
 Soon will the ripen'd summer yield  
 Her various gifts to every field.

The fertile trees, a lovely show!  
 With ruby tinctur'd birth shall glow;  
 Sweet smells from beds of lilies born  
 Perfume the breezes of the morn:  
 The smiling day and dewy night  
 To rural scenes my fair invite;  
 With summer sweets to feast her eye,  
 Yet soon, soon will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know  
 To profit by th' instructive show,  
 Now young and blooming thou appears  
 All in the flourish of thy years:  
 The lovely bud shall soon disclose  
 To every eye the blushing rose;  
 Now, now the tender stalk is seen  
 With beauty fresh, and ever green.

But when the sunny hours are past,  
Think not the cozz'ning scene will last;  
Let not the flatt'rer hope persuade,  
Ah! must I say, that it will fade?  
For see the summer flies away,  
Sad emblem of our own decay!  
Now winter from the frozen North  
Drives swift his iron chariot forth.

His grizly hands in icy chains  
Fair *Tweed's* silver stream constrains.  
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare  
He wanders on the tops of *Tare*?  
Behold his footsteps dire are seen  
Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green;  
Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see  
A snowy wreath to clothe each tree.

Frequenting now the stream no more,  
Thou flies displeas'd, the frozen shore,  
When thou shalt miss the flowers that grew  
But late, to charm thy ravish'd view;  
Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,  
And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade:  
Shall I, ah! horrid! wilt thou say,  
Be like to this some other day?

Yet when in snow and dreary frost  
The pleasure of the fields is lost,  
To blazing hearths at home we run,  
And fires supply the distant sun;  
In gay delights our hours employ,  
And do not lose, but change our joy.  
Happy! abandon every care,  
To lead the dance, to court the fair.

To turn the page of sacred bards,  
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.  
In cities thus with witty friends  
In smiles the hoary season ends.  
But when the lovely white and red  
From the pale ashy cheek is fled,

Then wrinkles dire, and age severe  
Make beauty fly, we know not where.

The fair, whom fates unkind disarm,  
Ah! must they never cease to charm?  
Or is there left some *pleasing art*  
To keep secure a captive heart?  
Unhappy love! may lovers say,  
Beauty, thy food, does swift decay;  
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,  
What is't thy famine can prevent!

Lay in good sense with timeous care,  
That love may live on wisdom's fare:  
Though *extasy* with *beauty* flies,  
*Esteem* is born when *beauty* dies.  
Happy the man whom fates decree  
Their richest gift in giving thee;  
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,  
Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

# HORACE, BOOK I. ODE II.

To W. D.

Tune, *Willy was a wanton Wag.*

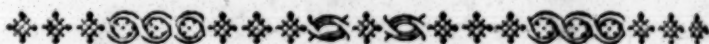
WILLY, ne'er enquire what end  
The Gods for thee or me intend;  
How vain the search, that but bestows  
The knowledge of our future woes?  
Happier the man who ne'er repines,  
Whatever lot his fate assigns,  
Than they who idly vex their lives  
With wizards and enchanting wives.  
Thy present years in mirth employ,  
And consecrate thy youth to joy;  
Whether the fates to thy old score  
Shall bounteous add a winter more,  
Or this shall lay thee cold in earth  
That rages o'er the *Pentland* firth,





'Then till 'er and kill 'er with courtesy dead,  
 'Though stark love and kindness be all ye can plead;  
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed

With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.  
 Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,  
 For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,  
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,  
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.



### THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

**T**HE lawland maids gang trig and fine,  
 But aft they're sour and unco sawcy;  
 Sae proud, they never can be kind

Like my good humour'd highland lassie.  
*O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,  
 My hearty smiling highland lassie,  
 May never care make thee less fair,  
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.*

'Than ony lass in borrows-town,  
 Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,  
 I'd tak my *Katy* but a gown,  
 Bare-footed in her little coatie.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,  
 Whene'er I kiss and court my dauty;  
 Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,  
 My flighter heart gangs pittie-pattie.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stenn  
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,  
 To drive the deer out of their den,  
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

There's nane shall dare by deed or word  
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,  
 While I can weild my trusty sword,  
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

The mountains cled with purple bloom,  
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure  
 To range with me; let great fowk gloom,  
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.  
*O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,  
 My lovely smiling highland lassie,  
 May never care make thee less fair,  
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.*

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### JOCKY blythe and gay.

**B**LYTHE *Jocky* young and gay,  
 Is all my heart's delight;  
 He's all my talk by day,  
 And all my dreams by night.  
 If from the lad I be,  
 'Tis winter then with me;  
 But when he tarries here,  
 'Tis summer all the year.

When I and *Jocky* met  
 First on the flow'ry dale,  
 Right sweetly he me tret,  
 And love was all his tale.  
 You are the lass, said he,  
 That staw my heart frae me;  
 O ease me of my pain,  
 And never shaw disdain.

Well can my *Jocky* kythe  
 His love and courtesy,  
 He made my heart full blythe  
 When he first spake to me.

His suit I ill deny'd,  
 He kifs'd, and I comply'd:  
 Sae *Jocky* promis'd me,  
 That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when *Jocky* comes,  
 Sad when he gangs away;  
 'Tis night when *Jocky* glooms,  
 But when he smiles 'tis day.  
 When our eyes meet, I pant,  
 I colour, sigh and faint;  
 What lass that wad be kind,  
 Can better tell her mind?

Q.



*Haud away from me, Donald.*

**O** Come away, come away,  
 Come away wi' me, *Jenny*;  
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane  
 Whase smiles anes ravish'd me, *Jenny*;  
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find  
 That ought fall alter me, *Jenny*;  
 For you're the mistress of my mind,  
 Whate'er you think of me, *Jenny*.  
 First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,  
 You seem'd to favour me, *Jenny*;  
 But now, alas! you act a part  
 That speaks inconstancy, *Jenny*;  
 Inconstancy is sic a vice,  
 'Tis not befitting thee, *Jenny*;  
 It suits not with your virtue nice  
 To carry sae to me, *Jenny*.

*Her Answer.*

**O** Haud away, haud away,  
 Haud away frae me, *Donald*;  
 Your heart is made o'er large for ane,  
 It is not meet for me, *Donald*;

Some fickle mistress you may find  
Will jilt as fast as thee *Donald*;  
To ilka swain she will prove kind,  
And nae less kind to thee, *Donald*.

But I've a heart that's naething such,  
'Tis fill'd with honesty, *Donald*;  
I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,  
I hate all levity, *Donald*.  
Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend  
Your heart is chain'd to mine, *Donald*;  
For words of falsehood I'll defend,  
A roving love like thine, *Donald*.

First when you courted, I must own  
I frankly favour'd you, *Donald*;  
Apparent worth and fair renown,  
Made me believe you true, *Donald*.  
Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn  
The man esteem'd by me, *Donald*;  
But now, the mask fall'n aff, I scorn  
To ware a thought on thee, *Donald*.

And now, for ever, had away,  
Had away from me, *Donald*;  
Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,  
And come nae mair to me, *Donald*;  
For I'll reserve my sell for ane,  
For ane that's liker me, *Donald*;  
If sic a ane I canna find,  
I'll ne'er loo man, nor thee, *Donald*.

## D O N A L D.

Then I'm thy man, and false report  
Has only tald a lie, *Jenny*;  
To try thy truth, and make us sport,  
The tale was rais'd by me, *Jenny*.

## J E N N Y.

When this ye prove, and still can love,  
Then come away to me, *Donald*;  
I'm well content, ne'er to repent  
That I have smil'd on thee, *Donald*.

*Todlen butt, and Todlen ben.*

**W**HEN I've a sixpence under my thumb,  
Then I'll get credit in ilka town :  
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by ;  
O! poverty parts good company.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
Coudna my loove come todlen hame ?*

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,  
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,  
Syne if that her tippenny chance to be sma',  
We'll tak a good scour o't and ca't awa'.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
As round as a neep come todlen hame.*

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,  
And twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet ;  
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry :  
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?

*Todlen butt, and todlen ben,  
Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame.*

Leeze me on liquor, my todlen dow,  
Ye're ay sae good humour'd when weeting your mou;  
When sober, sae sour, ye'll fight with a flee,  
That 'tis a blythe fight to the bairns and me.

*When todlen hame, todlen hame,  
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame. Z.*

*The auld Man's best Argument.*

*Tune, Widow, are ye wawkin ?*

**O** Wha's that at my chamber-door ?  
" Fair widow, are ye wawkin ?"  
Auld carl, your suit give o'er,  
Your love lies a' in tawking.



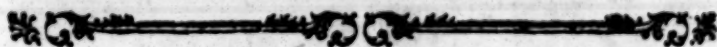


Pray let *Platonics* play such pranks,  
Such follies I deride;  
For love, at least, I will have thanks,  
And something else beside.

Then open hearted be with me,  
As I shall be with you,  
And let our Actions be as free,  
As virtue will allow.  
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,  
If true, I'll constant be;  
If fortune chance to change your mind,  
I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our affections well ye know,  
In equal terms do stand,  
'Tis in your power to love or no,  
Mine's likewise in my hand.  
Dispense with your austerity,  
Inconstancy abhor,  
Or, by great *Cupid's* deity,  
I'll never love you more.

Q.



*What's that to you.*

Tune, *The glancing of her Apron.*

**M**Y Jeany and I have toil'd  
The live-lang simmer day,  
'Till we almost were spoil'd  
At making of the hay:  
Her kurchy was of holland clear,  
Ty'd on her bonny brow,  
I whisper'd something in her ear;  
But what's that to you?

Her stockings were of *Kersy* green,  
As tight as ony silk:  
O sic a leg was never seen,  
Her skin was white as milk:

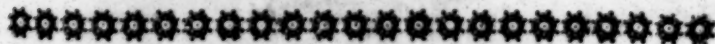
Her hair was black as ane could wish,  
 And sweet, sweet was her mou,  
 Oh! *Jeany* daintily can kifs;  
 But what's that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine,  
 To make my *Jeany* fair,  
 There is nae bennison like mine,  
 I have amaisht nae care;  
 Only I fear my *Jeany's* face,  
 May cause mae men to rue,  
 And that may gar me say, alas!  
 But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can  
 Hide that sweet face of thine,  
 That I may only be the man  
 Enjoys these looks divine.  
 O do not prostitute, my dear,  
 Wonders to common view,  
 And I with faithful heart shall swear,  
 For ever to be true.

King *Solomon* had wives enew,  
 And mony a concubine;  
 But I enjoy a bliss mair true,  
 His joys were short of mine;  
 And *Jeany's* happier than they,  
 She seldom wants her due,  
 All debts of love to her I pay,  
 And what's that to you?

Q.



## S O N G.

To the absent *FLORINDA*.

Tune, *Queen of Sheba's March*.

COME, *Florinda*, lovely charmer,  
 Come and fix this wav'ring heart;  
 Let those eyes my soul rekindle,  
 E'er I feel some foreign dart.

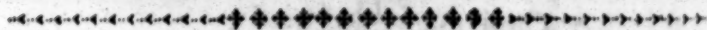
Come, and with thy smiles secure me,  
If this heart be worth thy care,  
Favour'd by my dear *Florinda*,  
I'll be true, as she is fair.

Thousand beauties trip around me,  
And my yielding breast affail;  
Come and take me to thy bosom,  
Ere my constant passion fail.

Come, and like the radiant morning,  
On my soul serenely shine,  
Then those glimm'ring stars shall vanish,  
Lost in splendour more divine.

Long this heart has been thy victim,  
Long has felt the pleasing pain,  
Come, and with an equal passion  
Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my charmer, I can promise,  
If our souls in love agree,  
None in all the upper dwellings  
Shall be happier than we.



A Bachanal SONG.

Tune, *Auld Sir Symon the King.*

COME here's to the nymph that I love,  
Away, ye vain sorrows away :  
Far, far from me, sorrows be gone,  
All there shall be pleasant and gay.

Far hence be the sad and the pensive,  
Come fill up the glasses around,  
We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,  
And all our vain sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting,  
With every gay blooming desire,  
My blood with brisk ardour is glowing,  
Soft pleasures my bosom inspire.

My soul now to love is dissolving,  
Oh fate! had I here my fair charmer,  
I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,  
Of all her disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here  
With his troops of vain cares in array?  
Avaunt, idle pensive intruder,—  
He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come, give me a bumper;  
Young *Cupid*, here's to thy confusion.—  
Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd,  
*Adieu* to his anxious delusion.

Come, jolly God *Bacchus*, here's to thee;  
Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza,  
Sing lo, sing lo to *Bacchus*—  
Hence, all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what should we do but be jovial?  
Come tune up your voices and sing;  
What soul is so dull to be heavy,  
When wine sets our fancies on wing?

Come, *Pegasus* lies in this bottle,  
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,  
Each of us a gallant young *Perseus*,  
Sublime we'll ascend to the sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,  
In seas of wide æther I'm drown'd,  
The clouds far beneath me are sailing,  
I see the spheres whirling around.

What darkness, what rattling is this?  
Through *Chaos*' dark regions I'm hurl'd,  
And now,—oh my head it is knockt  
Upon some confounded new world.

Now, now these dark shades are retiring,  
See yonder bright blazes a star,  
Where am I!—behold the *Empyrean*,  
With flaming light streaming from far.

I. W. Q.



To Mrs. A. C.

A S O N G.

Tune, *All in the Downs.*

**W**HEN beauty blazes heavenly bright,  
The muse can no more cease to sing,  
Than can the lark with rising light,  
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.  
The morning shines, harmonious birds mount high:  
The dawning beauty smiles, and poets fly.

Young *Annie's* budding graces claim  
Th' inspired thought, and softest lays;  
And kindle in the breast a flame,  
Which must be vented in her praise.  
Tell us, ye gentle shepherds, have you seen  
E'er one so like an angel tread the green?

Ye youths, be watchful of your hearts;  
When she appears, take the alarm:  
Love on her beauty points his darts,  
And wings an arrow from each charm.  
Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,  
And to her snowy neck and breast resort.

But vain must every caution prove;  
When such enchanting sweetness shines,  
The wounded swain must yield to love,  
And wonder, though he hopeless pines.  
Such flames the foppish butterfly should shun;  
The eagle's only fit to view the sun.

She's as the op'ning lily fair;  
Her lovely features are complete;  
Whilst heaven-indulgent makes her share  
With angels all that's wise and sweet.  
These virtues which divinely deck her mind,  
Exalt each other of th' inferior kind.

Whether she love the rural scenes,  
 Or sparkle in the airy town,  
 O! happy he her favour gains,  
 Unhappy! if she on him frown.  
 The muse unwilling quits the lovely theme,  
 Adieu, she sings and thrice repeats her name.



## A PASTORAL SONG.

Tune, *My Apron, Deary.*

JAMIE.

W H I L E our flocks are a-feeding,  
 And we're void of care,  
 Come, *Sandy*, let's tune  
 To praise of the fair.  
 For, inspir'd by my *Susie*,  
 I'll sing in such lays,  
 That *Pan*, were he judge,  
 Must allow me the bays.

SANDY.

While under this hawthorn  
 We ly at our ease,  
 By a musical stream,  
 And refresh'd by the breeze  
 Of a Zephyr so gentle,  
 Yes *Jamie*, I'll try  
 For to match you and *Susie*  
 Dear *Katie* and I.

JAMIE.

Oh! my *Susie* so lovely,  
 She's without compare,  
 She's so comely so good,  
 And so charmingly fair,  
 Sure, the gods were at pains  
 To make so complete  
 A nymph, that for love  
 There was ne'er one so meet.

Q 2

SANDY.

Oh my *Katy's* so bright,  
She's so witty and gay ;  
Love, join'd with the graces,  
Around her looks play.  
In her mien she's so graceful,  
In her humour so free ;  
Sure the gods never fram'd  
A maid fairer than she.

JAMIE.

Had my *Susie* been there,  
When the shepherd declar'd  
For the lady of Lemnos,  
She had lost his regard :  
And o'ercome by a presence  
More beautefously bright,  
He had own'd her undone,  
As the darkness by light.

SANDY.

Not fair *Helen* of Greece,  
Nor all the whole train,  
Either of real beauties,  
Or those poets feign,  
Con'd be match'd with my *Katie*  
Whose ev'ry sweet charm  
May conquer best judges,  
And coldest hearts warm :

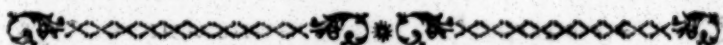
JAMIE.

Neither riches nor honour,  
Or any thing great,  
Do I ask of the gods,  
But that this be my fate,  
That my *Susie* to all  
My kind wishes comply ;  
For with her wou'd I live,  
And with her I wou'd die.



Some think to lose him,  
Which is too unkind ;  
And some do suppose him,  
Poor thing, to be blind ;  
But if ne'er so close ye wail him,  
Do the best that ye may,  
Blind love, if so you call him,  
He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle  
To stoop to your fist ;  
Or you may inveigle  
The Phoenix of the east ;  
The Lionsess, ye may move her  
To give o'er her prey,  
But you'll never stop a lover,  
He will find out his way.



## S O N G.

*Tune, Throw the wood laddie.*

**A**S early I walk'd, on the first of sweet May,  
Beneath a steep mountain,  
Beside a clear fountain,  
I heard a grave lute soft melody play,  
Whilst the Echo resounded the dolorous lay.  
I listen'd, and look'd, and spy'd a young swain,  
With aspect distressed,  
And spirits oppressed,  
Seem'd clearing afresh, like the sky after rain,  
And thus he discover'd how he strave with his pain.  
Tho' Eliza be coy, why shou'd I repine,  
That a maid much above me,  
Vouchsafes not to love me ?  
In her high sphere of worth I never could shine ;  
Then why should I seek to abase her to mine ?



No: henceforth esteem shall govern my desire,

And, in due subjection,

Retain warm affection;

To shew that self love inflames not my fire,

And that no other swain can more humbly admire.

When passion shall cease to rage in my breast,

Then quiet returning,

Shall hush my sad mourning;

And, lord of myself in absolute rest,

I'll hug the condition which heaven shall think best.

Thus friendship unmixt, and wholly refin'd,

May still be respected,

Though love is rejected:

*Elisa* shall own, though to love not inclin'd,

That she ne'er had a friend like her lover resign'd.

May the fortunate youth who hereafter shall woo

With prosp'rous endeavour,

And gain her dear favour,

Know, as well as I, what t' *Elisa* is due,

Be much more deserving, but never less true.

Whilst I, disengag'd from all amorous cares,

Sweet liberty tasting,

On calmest peace feasting,

Employing my reason to dry up my tears,

In hopes of heaven's blisses, I'll spend my few years.

Ye Powers, who preside over virtuous love,

Come aid me with patience,

To bear my vexations;

With equal desires my flutt'ring heart move,

With sentiments purest my notions improve.

If love in his fetters e'er catch me again,

May courage protect me,

And prudence direct me;

Prepar'd for all fates, rememb'ring the swain,

Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

ROB'S JOCK. *A very old Ballad.*

**R**OB'S Jock came to woo our Jenny,  
 On ae feast day when we were fou;  
 She brankit fast and made her bonny,  
 And said, Jock, come ye here to woo?  
 She burnist her baith breast and brou,  
 And made her clear as ony cloak:  
 Then spak her dame, and said, I trou  
 Ye come to woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock said, Forsuith, I yern fu' fain  
 To luk my head, and sit down by you:  
 Then spak her minny, and said again,  
 My bairn has tocher enough to gie you.  
 Tehie! quo Jenny, kick, kick, I see you:  
 Minny, yon man makes but a mock.  
 Deil hae the liers — fu lies me o' you,  
 I come to woo your Jenny, quo Jock.

My bairn has tocher of her awin:  
 A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,  
 A stirk, a staig, an acre sawin,  
 A bakebread and a bannock-stane;  
 A pig, a pot, and a kirn there-ben,  
 A kame but a kaming-stock;  
 With coags and luggies nine or ten:  
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A wecht, a peet-creel and a cradle,  
 A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,  
 An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,  
 A milsie, and a fowen-pale,  
 A rousty whittle to shear the kail,  
 And a timber-mell the bear to knock,  
 Twa shells made of an auld fir dale:  
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A furm, a furlet, and a peck,  
 A rock, a reel, and a wheel band,  
 A tub, a barrow, and a seck,  
 A spurtil-braid, and an elwand.

Then *Jock* took *Jenny* be the hand,  
 And cry'd a feast! and slew a cock,  
 And made a bridal upo' land,  
 Now I have got your *Jenny*, quo *Jock*.

Now dame, I have your dochter marri'd,

And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae tough,  
 I let you wit she's nae miscarried,  
 It's well kend I have gear enough:  
 Ane auld gaw'd gloy'd fell owre a heugh,  
 A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock;  
 Withouten owfen I have a plough:  
 May that no ser your *Jenny*, quo *Jock*?

A treen truncher, a ram-horn spoon,  
 Twa buits of barkit blasint leather,  
 A graith that ganes to coble shoon,  
 And a thrawcruik to twine a teather,  
 Twa crocks that moup amang the heather,  
 A pair of branks, and a fetter lock,  
 A tough purse made of a swine's blather,  
 To had your tocher, *Jenny*, quo *Jock*?

Good elding for our winter fire,  
 A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,  
 A rake of iron to clat the bire,  
 A deuk about the dubs to paddle,  
 The pannel of an auld led-saddle,  
 And *Rob* my eem hecht me a stock,  
 Twa lusty lips to lick a laddle.  
 May thir no gain your *Jenny*, quo *Jock*.

A pair of hames and brechon fine,  
 And without bitts a bridle renzie,  
 A fark made of the linkome twine,  
 A gay green cloak that will not stenzie;  
 Mair yet in store, — I needna fenzie,  
 Five hundred slaes, a fendy flock;  
 And are not thae a wakrife menzie,  
 To gae to bed with *Jenny* and *Jock*?

Tak thir for my part of the feast,

It is well knawin I am well bodin :

Ye need not fay my part is leaft,

Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.

The wife speerd gin the kail were fodin,

When we have done, tak hame the brok ;

The roft was teugh as raploch hodin,

With which they feasted *Jenny* and *Jock*.

Z.



## SONG.

Tune, *A Rock and a wee pickle Tow.*

**T** Have a green purse and a wee pickle gowd,

A bonny piece land and a planting on't:

It fattens my flocks, and my bairns it has flow'd :

But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't :

To grace it, and trace it,

And gie me delight ;

To bless me, and kiss me,

And comfort my fight,

With beauty by day, and kindness by night,

And nae mair my lane gang faunt'ring on't.

My *Christy* she's charming and good as she's fair ;

Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet,

She smiles me on fire, her frowns gie despair :

I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.

Thou fairest, and dearest,

Delight of my mind,

Whose gracious embraces

By heaven were design'd

For happiest transports, and blisses refin'd,

Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

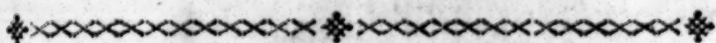
For thee, bonny *Christy*, my shepherds and hinds,

Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine.

Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,

Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.

Then hear me, and chear me-  
 With smiling consent,  
 Believe me, and give me  
 No cause to lament,  
 Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, *Content,*  
*I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.*



## S O N G.

*To its ain Tune.*

**A**LTHOUGH I be but a country lass,  
 Yet a lofty mind I bear O,  
 And think mysell as good as those  
 That rich apparel wear O.  
 Although my gown be hame spun grey,  
 My skin it is as fast O,  
 As them that satin weeds do wear,  
 And carry their heads aloft O.  
 What though I keep my father's sheep,  
 The thing that must be done O,  
 With garlands of the finest flowers,  
 To shade me frae the sun O.  
 When they are feeding pleasantly,  
 Where grafs and flowers do spring O,  
 Then on a flowery bank at noon,  
 I set me down and sing O.  
 My *Paisley* piggy cork'd with sage,  
 Contains my drink but thin O,  
 No wines do e'er my brains enrage,  
 Or tempt my mind to sin O.  
 My country curds, and wooden spoon,  
 I think them unco fine O,  
 And on a flowery bank at noon,  
 I set me down and dine O.  
 Although my parents cannot raise  
 Great bags of shining gold O,  
 Like them whase daughters now-a-days,  
 Like swine are bought and sold O;



Yet my fair body it shall keep  
 An honest heart within O;  
 And for twice fifty thousand crowns,  
 I value not a prin O.

I use nae gums upon my hair,  
 Nor chains about my neck O,  
 Nor shining rings upon my hands,  
 My fingers straight to deck O;  
 But for that lad to me shall fa',  
 And I have grace to wed O,  
 I'll keep a jewel worth them a',  
 I mean my maiden-head O.

If canny fortune give to me  
 The man I dearly love O,  
 Though we want gear, I dinna care,  
 My hands I can improve O,  
 Expecting for a blessing still  
 Descending from above O;  
 Then we'll embrace, and sweetly kifs,  
 Repeating tales of love O.



*Waly, Waly, gin Love be bonny.*

**O** Waly, waly up the bank,  
 And waly, waly down the brae,  
 And waly, waly yon burn side,  
 Where I and my love wont to gae.  
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree;  
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,  
 Sae my true love did lightly me.  
 O waly, waly, but love be bonny,  
 A little time while it is new,  
 But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,  
 And fades away like the morning dew.  
 O wherefore should I busk my head?  
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
 For my true love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now *Arthur Seat* shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me,  
 Saint *Anton's* well shall be my drink,  
 Since my true love has forsaken me.  
*Martinmas* wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves off the tree?  
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
 For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaws inclemency:  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.  
 When we come in by *Glasgow* town,  
 We were a comely sight to see;  
 My love was clad in the black velvet,  
 And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kifs'd,  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I'd lock my heart in a case of gold,  
 And pin'd it with a silver pin.  
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee,  
 And I my sell were dead and gane,  
 For a maid again I'll never be.

Z.

*The Loving Lads, and Spinning Wheel.*

A S I sat at my spinning-wheel,  
 A bonny lad was passing by:  
 I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,  
 For trouth he had a glancing eye.  
 My heart new panting 'gan to feel,  
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near,  
 And still mair lovely did appear;

V O L. I.

R

And round about my slender waste  
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd :  
To kiss my hand, syne down did kneel,  
As I sat at my spinning wheel.

My milk white hands he did extol,  
And prais'd my fingers lang and small,  
And said there was nae lady fair  
That ever could with me compare.

These words into my heart did steal,  
Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

Although I seemingly did chide,  
Yet he wad never be deny'd,  
But still declar'd his love the mair,  
Until my heart was wounded fair :  
'That I my love could scarce conceal,  
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,  
My winnells and my spinning-wheel ;  
He bade me leave them all with speed,  
And gang with him to yonder mead :  
My yielding heart strange flames did feel,  
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

About my neck his arms he laid,  
And whisper'd, Rise, my bonny maid,  
And with me to yon hay-cock go,  
I'll teach thee better wark to do.

In trouth I loo'd the motion weel,  
And loo't alane my spinning-wheel.

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,  
Then with my bonny lad I lay ;  
What lassie, young and fast as I,  
Could sic a handsome lad deny ?

These pleasures I cannot reveal,  
That far surpass the spinning-wheel.

On the Marriage of the R. H. Lord  
G—— and Lady K—— C——

## S O N G.

Tune, *The Highland Laddie.*

## BRIGANTIUS.

**N**OW all thy virgin-sweets are mine,  
And all the shining charms that grace thee;  
My fair *Melinda*, come, recline  
Upon my breast, while I embrace thee.  
And tell without dissembling art,  
My happy raptures in thy bosom:  
Thus will I plant within my heart,  
A love that shall forever blossom.

## CHORUS.

*O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,  
Sure the gods will pleas'd behold ye;  
Their work admire, so great, so fair,  
And will in all your joys uphold ye.*

## MELINDA.

No more I blush, now that I'm thine,  
To own my love in transport tender;  
Since that so brave a man is mine,  
To my *Brigantius* I surrender.  
By sacred ties I'm now to move  
As thy exalted thoughts direct me;  
And while my smiles engage thy love,  
Thy manly greatness shall protect me.  
*O the happy, &c.*

## BRIGANTIUS.

Soft fall thy words, like morning dew,  
New life on blowing flowers bestowing,  
Thus kindly yielding makes me bow  
To heaven, with grateful spirit glowing.

My honour, courage, wealth, and wit,  
 'Thou dear delight, my chieftest treasure,  
 Shall be employ'd as thou think'st fit,  
 As agents for our love and pleasure.  
*O the happy, &c.*

## MELINDA.

With my *Brigantius* I could live  
 In lonely cots beside a mountain,  
 And nature's easy wants relieve  
 With shepherds fare, and quaff the fountain.  
 What pleases thee, the rural grove,  
 Or congress of the fair and witty,  
 Shall give me pleasure with thy love,  
 In plains retir'd or social city.  
*O the happy, &c.*

## BRIGANTIUS.

How sweetly canst thou charm my soul,  
 O lovely sum of my desires!  
 Thy beauties all my cares controul,  
 Thy virtue all that's good inspires.  
 Tune every instrument of sound,  
 Which all thy mind divinely raises,  
 Till every height and dale rebounds,  
 Both loud and sweet, my darling's praises.  
*O the happy, &c.*

## MELINDA.

Thy love gives me the brightest shine,  
 My happiness is now completed,  
 Since all that's generous, great and fine,  
 In my *Brigantius* is united;  
 For which I'll study thy delight,  
 With kindly tale the time beguiling,  
 And round the change of day and night,  
 Fix throughout life a constant smiling.  
*O the happy, &c.*



## S O N G.

Tune, *Wo's my heart that we should sunder.*

**A** D I E U, ye pleasant sports and plays,  
Farewell each song that was diverting;  
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,  
I sing of *Delia* and *Damon's* parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd  
The dear, tormenting, pleasant passion,  
Till *Delia's* mildness had prevail'd  
On him to shew his inclination.

Just as the fair one seem'd to give  
A patient ear to his love story,  
*Damon* must his *Delia* leave,  
To go in quest of toilsome glory.

Half spoken words hung on his tongue,  
Their eyes refus'd the usual meeting;  
And sighs suppli'd their wonted song,  
These charming souls were chang'd to weeping.

Dear idol of my soul, adieu;  
Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me;  
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,  
No other charms shall ever move me.

Alas! who knows, when parted far  
From *Delia*, but you may deceive her?  
The thought destroys my heart with care,  
Adieu, my dear, I fear, for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,  
May then my guardian angel leave me;  
And more to aggravate my woes,  
Be you so good as to forgive me.

O'er the Hills and far away.

**J**OCKY met with Jenny fair,  
Aft by the dawning of the day;  
But Jocky now is fu' of care,  
Since Jenny staw his heart away;  
Although she promis'd to be true,  
She proven has, alake! unkind;  
Which gars poor Jocky often rue,  
That e'er he lov'd a fickle mind,  
*And it's o'er the hills and far away,  
It's o'er the hills and far away,  
It's o'er the hills and far away,  
The wind has blown my plaid away.*

Now Jocky was a bonny lad  
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;  
But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,  
Since Jenny has gart him despair.  
Young Jocky was a piper's son,  
And fell in love when he was young;  
But a' the springs that he could play,  
Was o'er the hills and far away,  
*And it's o'er the hills, &c.*

He sung—When first my Jenny's face  
I saw, she seem'd fae fu' of grace,  
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,  
That's now, alas! with sorrow kill'd.  
Oh! was she but as true as fair,  
'Twad put an end to my despair,  
Instead of that she is unkind,  
And wavers like the winter wind.  
*And it's o'er the hills, &c.*

Ah! could she find the dismal wae,  
That for her sake I undergae,  
She could nae chuse but grant relief,  
And put an end to a' my grief:

But oh! she is as fause as fair,  
Which causes a' my sighs and care;  
But she triumphs in proud disdain,  
And takes a pleasure in my pain.

*And it's o'er the hills, &c.*

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love  
With ane that does sae faithless prove.  
Hard was my fate to court a maid,  
That has my constant heart betray'd.  
A thousand times to me she sware,  
She wad be true for evermair;  
But, to my grief, alake, I say,  
She flaw my heart and ran away.

*And it's o'er the hills, &c.*

Since that she will nae pity take,  
I maun gae wander for her sake,  
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,  
I'll sighing sing, Adieu to love!

Since she is fause whom I adore,  
I'll never trust a woman more;  
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,  
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,  
*O'er hills and dales and far away,  
Out o'er the hills and far away,  
Out o'er the hills and far away,  
The wind has blawn my plaid away.*

Z.

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### JENNY NETTLES.

**S**AW ye Jenny Nettles,  
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,  
Saw ye Jenny Nettles,  
Coming frae the market;  
Bag and baggage on her back,  
Her fee and bountith in her lap;  
Bag and baggage on her back,  
And a baby in her oter.

I met ayont the kairny,  
*Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,*  
 Singing till her bairny,  
*Robin Rattle's* bastard;  
 To flee the dool upo' the stool,  
 And ilka ane that mocks her,  
 She round about seeks *Robin* out,  
 To flap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle,*  
*Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;*  
 Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle,*  
 Use *Jenny Nettles* kindly:  
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,  
 And without mair debate o't,  
 Take hame your wain, make *Jenny* fain  
 The leel and leesome gate o't.



### JOCKY'S fou: and JENNY'S fain..

**J**OCKY fou, *Jenny* fain,  
*Jenny* was nae ill to gain,  
 She was couthy, he was kind,  
 And thus the wooer tell'd his mind.

*Jenny*, I'll nae mair be nice,  
 Gi'e me love at ony price;  
 I winna prig for red or white,  
 Love alane can gi'e delyte.

Others seek they kenna what,  
 In looks, in carriage, and a' that;  
 Give me love, for her I court:  
 Love in love makes a' the sport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,  
 Common motives lang finfyne,  
 Never can engage my love,  
 Until my fancy first approve.

It is na' meat but appetite  
That makes our eating a delight;  
Beauty is at best deceit;  
Fancy only kens nae cheat.

Q.



## LEADER HAUGHS and YARROW.

WHEN *Phœbus* bright the azure skies,  
With golden rays enligh'neth,  
He makes all nature's beauties rise,  
Herbs, trees and flowers he quick'neth:  
Amongst all those he makes his choice,  
And with delight goes thorow,  
With radiant beams and silver streams,  
Are *Leader Haughs* and *Tarrow*.

When *Aries* the day and night  
In equal length divideth,  
Auld frosty *Saturn* takes his flight,  
Nae langer he abideth:  
Then *Flora* queen, with mantle greens,  
Casts aff her former sorrow,  
And vows to dwell with *Ceres* fell  
In *Leader Haughs* and *Tarrow*.

*Pan* playing on his aiten reed,  
And shepherds him attending,  
Do here resort their flocks to feed,  
The hills and haughs commending  
With cur and kent upon the bent,  
Sing to the sun, Good-morrow,  
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,  
Than *Leader Haughs* and *Tarrow*.

An house there stands on *Leader* side,  
Surmounting my describing,  
With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,  
Like *Dedalus'* contriving:



Men passing by, do often cry,  
 In sooth it hath nae marrow;  
 It stands as sweet on *Leader side*,  
 As *Newark* does on *Yarrow*.

A mile below, wha lists to ride,  
 They'll hear the mavis singing;  
 Into St. *Leonard's* banks she'll bide,  
 Sweet birks her head o'er hinging:  
 The lintwhite loud, and progne proud,  
 With tuneful throats and narrow  
 Into St. *Leonard's* banks they sing,  
 As sweetly as in *Yarrow*.

The lapwing listeth o'er the lee,  
 With nimble wing she sporteth.  
 By vows she'll flee far frae the tree  
 Where *Philomel* resorteth:  
 By break of day, the lark can say,  
 I'll bid you a good morrow,  
 I'll streek my wing, and mounting sing,  
 O'er *Leader Haugh* and *Yarrow*.

*Park*, *Wanton-warws*, and *Wooden-cleugh*,  
 The east and western *Mainfes*,  
 The wood of *Lauder's* fair enough,  
 The corns are good in *Blainshes*,  
 Where aits are fine, and seld be kind,  
 That if ye searh all thorow  
*Mearns*, *Buchan*, *Mar* nane better are  
 Than *Leader Haugh* and *Yarrow*.

In *Burn Mill-bog* and *Whitshade* shaws,  
 The fearful hare she haunteth,  
*Brig-haugh* and *Braidwoodsheil* she knaws,  
 And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth.  
 Yet when she irks, to *Kaidfly* birks  
 She rins, and sighs for sorrow,  
 That she shou'd leave sweet *Leader Haugh*,  
 And cannot win to *Yarrow*.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,  
 Than hounds and beigles crying?  
 The started hare rins hard with fear,  
 Upon her speed relying.  
 But yet her strength it fails at length,  
 Nae bielding can she borrow  
 In *Sorrel's* field, *Cleckman* or *Hag's*,  
 And sighs to be in *Tarrow*.

For *Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, *Spoty*, *Shag*,  
 With sight and scent pursue her,  
 Till ah! her pith begins to flag,  
 Nae cunning can rescue her.  
 O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and syke,  
 She'll run the fields all thorow,  
 'Till fail'd she fa's in *Leader Haughs*,  
 And bids farewell to *Tarrow*.

Sing *Erfington* and *Cowdenknows*,  
 Where *Homes* had anes commanding:  
 And *Drygrange* with thy milk-white ewes,  
 'Twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* standing:  
 The bird that flies through *Reedpath* trees,  
 And *Gledswood* banks ilk morrow,  
 May chant and sing, Sweet *Leader Haughs*,  
 And bonny howms of *Tarrow*.

But minstrel *Burn* cannot aswage  
 His grief, while life endureth,  
 To see the changes of this age,  
 That fleeting time procureth:  
 For mony a place stands in hard case,  
 Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,  
 With *Homes* that dwelt on *Leader* side,  
 And *Scots* that dwelt on *Tarrow*.

*For the Sake of Somebody.*

FOR the sake of somebody,  
 For the sake of somebody,  
 I cou'd wake a winter night,  
 For the sake of somebody:

I am gawn to seek a wife,  
 I am gawn to buy a plaidy ;  
 I have three stane of woo,  
 Carling is thy daughter ready ?  
*For the sake of somebody, &c.*

*Betty*, lassy, say't thy sell,  
 Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,  
 First we'll buckle, then we'll teel,  
 Let her flyte and syne come too :  
 What signifies a mither's gloom,  
 When love in kisses come in play ?  
 Shou'd we wither in our bloom,  
 And in simmer mak nae hay ?  
*For the sake, &c.*

S H E.

Bonny lad, I carena by,  
 Tho' I try my luck with thee,  
 Since ye are content to tye  
 The ha'f mark bridal band wi' me ;  
 I'll slip hame and wash my feet,  
 And steal on linnens fair and clean,  
 Syne at the trysting place we'll meet,  
 To do but what my dame has done.  
*For the sake, &c.*

H E.

Now my lovely *Betty* gives  
 Consent in sic a heartsome gate,  
 It me frae a' my care relieves,  
 And doubts that gart me ast look blate ;  
 Then let us gang and get the grace,  
 For they that have an appetite  
 Shou'd eat ;—and lovers shou'd embrace ;  
 If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.  
*For the sake, &c.*

Norland Jocky and Southland JENNY.

**A** Southland *Jenny*, that was right bonny,  
 Had for a suitor a norland *Johnny* ;

But he was sic an a bashfu' wooer,  
 That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her,  
 Till blinks of her beauty, and hopes o' her filler,  
 Forc'd him at last to tell his mind till her.  
 My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,  
 Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the moor and marry.

S H E.

Come, come away then, my norland laddie,  
 Tho' we gang neatly, some are mair gaudy ;  
 And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,  
 Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

H E.

Ye lasses of the south, ye're a' for dressing ;  
 Lasses of the north mind milking and threshing ;  
 My minny wad be angry, and sae wad my dady,  
 Shon'd I marry ane as dink as a lady.  
 For I maun hae a wife that will rise in the morning,  
 Cradle a' the milk, and keep the house a scalding,  
 Toolie with her nibours, and learn at my minny,  
 A norland *Jocky* maun hae a norland *Jenny*.

S H E.

My father's only daughter and twenty thousand pound,  
 Shall never be bestow'd on sic a silly clown ;  
 For a' that I said was to try what was in ye,  
 Gae hame, ye norland *Jock*, and court your norland  
*Jenny*. Z.

*The auld yellow hair'd Laddie.*

**T** H E yellow hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,  
 Cries, Milk the ews, lassie, let nane of them gae ;  
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,  
*The yellow hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.*  
*And ay she milked, &c.*

The weather is cauld and my claitthing is thin :  
 The ews are new clipped, they winna bught in :  
 They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,  
 O yellow hair'd laddie be kind to me :  
*They winna bught in, &c.*

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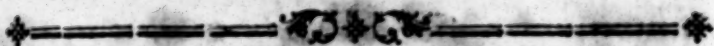
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Such application gives delight,  
And in the end proves gainful,  
Tho' many a dark and lifeless wight  
May think it hard and painful.

Then never let us think our time  
And care when thus employ'd,  
Are thrown away, but deem't a crime,  
When youth's by sloth destroy'd;  
'Tis only active souls can rise  
To fame, and all that's splendid,  
And favour in those conquering eyes,  
'Gainst whom no heart's defended.



The Generous Gentleman. A SANG.

Tune, *The bonny lass of Branksome.*

**A**S I came in by Teviot-side,  
And by the braes of Branksome,  
There first I saw my bonny bride  
Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome;  
Her skin was faster than the down,  
And white as alabaster;  
Her hair a shining, wavy brown,  
In straitness nane surpass'd her:  
Life glow'd upon her neck and cheek,  
Her clear een were surprising,  
And beautifully turn'd her neck,  
Her little breasts just rising,  
Nae filken hose, with goosshets fine,  
Or shoon with glancing laces,  
On her fair leg, forbade to shine,  
Well shapen native graces.

As little coat, and bodice white,  
Was sum of a' her claithing;  
Even that's o'er meikle; mair delight  
She'd gien clad with naething:

She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,  
 By which a burnie trotted;  
 On her I glowr'd my soul away,  
 While on her sweets I doted.

A thousand beauties of desert  
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,  
 Till this dear artless struck my heart,  
 And bot designing, charm'd me.  
 Hurry'd by love, close to my breast  
 I grasp'd this fund of blisses;  
 Wha smil'd, and said, Without a priest,  
 Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,  
 And yet I cou'dna want her;  
 What she demanded, ilka charm  
 Of her's pled I shou'd grant her.  
 Since Heaven had dealt to me a rowth,  
 Straight to the kirk I led her,  
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,  
 And a young lady made her.



### The Happy Clown.

**H**OW Happy is the rural clown,  
 Who far remov'd from noise of town,  
 Contemns the glory of a crown,  
 And in his safe retreat,  
 Is pleased with his low degree,  
 Is rich in decent poverty,  
 From strife, from care and bus'ness free,  
 At once baith good and great!

No drums disturb his morning sleep,  
 He fears no danger of the deep,  
 Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap  
 Vexation on his mind.

No trumpets rouse him to the war,  
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare;  
From state intrigues he holds afar,  
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,  
He labours, gently to adorn  
His small paternal fields of corn,  
And on their product feeds:  
Each season of the wheeling year,  
Industrious he improves with care;  
And still some ripen'd fruits appear,  
So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lies,  
And angles with his baits and flies,  
And next the silvan scene he tries,  
His spirit to regale;  
Now from the rock or height he views  
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,  
Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,  
That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,  
No care his peace of mind destroys,  
Nor does he pass his time in toys  
Beneath his just regard:  
He's fond to feel the zephyrs breeze,  
To plant and shed his tender trees:  
And for attending well his bees,  
Enjoys the sweet reward.

The flow'ry meads, and silent coves,  
The scenes of faithful rural loves,  
And warbling birds on blooming groves  
Afford a wish'd delight:  
But O! how pleasant is this life,  
Bless'd with a chaste and virtuous wife,  
And children prattling without strife,  
Around his fire at night.

*Willy was a Wanton Wag.*

**W**ILLY was a wanton wag,  
 The blytheft lad that e'er I saw,  
 At bridals still he bore the brag,  
 And carried ay the gree awa :  
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,  
 And wow ! but Willy he was braw,  
 And at his shoulder hang a tag,  
 That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,  
 His heart was frank without a flaw ;  
 And ay whatever Willy said,  
 It was still hadden as a law.  
 His boots they were made of the jag,  
 When he went to the weapon shaw,  
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,  
 'The fint a ane among them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd ?  
 He wan the love of great and sma' ;  
 For after he the bride had kifs'd  
 He kifs'd the lasses hale sale a'.  
 Sae merrily round the ring he row'd,  
 When be the hand he led them a',  
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,  
 By virtue of a standing law.

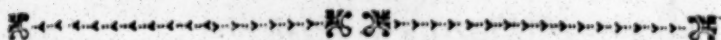
And was na Willy a great lown,  
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen ?  
 When he danc'd with the lasses round,  
 The bridegroom speer'd where he had been.  
 Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,  
 With bobbing faith my shanks are fair,  
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,  
 For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy I'll gae out,  
 And for a wee fill up the ring.  
 But shame light on his souple snout,  
 He wanted Willy's wanton fling.

Then straight he to the bride did fare,  
Says, Well's me on your bonny face,  
With bobbing *Willy's* shanks are fair,  
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,  
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,  
Unless, like *Willy*, ye advance ;  
(O! *Willy* has a wanton leg)  
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,  
And foremost ay bears up the ring ;  
We will find nae sic dancing here,  
If we want *Willy's* wanton fling.

W. W.



CELIA'S Reflections on herself for flight-  
ing PHILANDER'S LOVE.

Tune, *The Gallant Shoemaker.*

YOUNG *Philander* woo'd me lang,  
But I was peevish and forbad him,  
I wadna tent his loving sang,  
But now I wish, I wish I had him :  
Ilk morning when I view my glass,  
Then I perceive my beauty going ;  
And when the wrinkles seize the face,  
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes so much admir'd,  
I find it fading fast, and flying ;  
My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,  
Grow pale, the broken blood decaying ;  
Ah! we may see ourselves to be,  
Like summer fruit that is unshaken ;  
When ripe, they soon fall down and die,  
And by corruption quickly taken.

Use then your time, ye virgins fair,  
Employ your day before 'tis evil ;  
Fifteen is a season rare,  
But five and twenty is the devil.



Just when ripe, consent unto't,  
 Hug nae mair your lanely pillow ;  
 Women are like other fruit,  
 They lose their relish when too mellow.

If opportunity be lost,  
 You'll find it hard to be regained ;  
 Which now I may tell to my cost,  
 Though but my fell name can be blamed :  
 If then your fortune you respect,  
 Take the occasion when it offers ;  
 Nor a true lover's suit neglect,  
 Lest you be scoff'd for being scoffers.

I, by his fond expressions thought,  
 That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing ;  
 But now, alas ! 'tis turn'd to nought,  
 And, past my hope, he's gane a ranging,  
 Dear maidens, then take my advice,  
 And let na coyness prove your ruin ;  
 For if ye be o'er foolish nice,  
 Your suitors will give over wooing.

Then maidens auld you nam'd will be,  
 And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,  
 As lang as life ; and when ye die,  
 With leading apes be ever cumber'd :  
 A punishment, and hated brand,  
 With which name of us are contented ;  
 Then be not wise behind the hand,  
 That the mistake may be prevented.



*The young Ladies Thanks to the repenting Virgin,  
 for her seasonable Advice.*

O Virgin kind ! we canna tell  
 How many many thanks we owe you,  
 For pointing out to us sae well  
 These very rocks that did o'erthrow you :

And we your lesson sae shall mind,  
That e'en though a' our kin had swore it,  
Ere we shall be an hour behind,  
We'll take a year or twa before it.

We'll catch all winds blow in our sails,  
And still keep out our flag and pinnet ;  
If young *Philander* anes affails  
To storm love's fort, then he shall win it :  
We may indeed for modesty,  
Present our forces for resistance ;  
But we shall quickly lay them by,  
And contribute to his assistance.



## The Step Daughter's Relief.

Tune, *The Kirk* wad let me be.

I Was anes a well tocher'd lass,  
My mither left dollars to me ;  
But now I'm brought to a poor pass,  
My step dame has gart them flee.  
My father he's aften frae hame,  
And she plays the deel with his gear ;  
She neither has lawtith nor shame,  
And keeps the hale house in a steer.

She's barmy fac'd, thriftless and bauld,  
And gars me aft fret and repine ;  
While hungry, half-naked and cauld,  
I see her destroy what's mine :  
But soon I might hope a revenge,  
And soon of my sorrows be free,  
My poortith to plenty wad change,  
If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth *Ringan*, wha lang time had loo'd  
This bonny lass tenderly,  
I'll take thee sweet *May*, in thy snood,  
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

'Tis only your sell that I want,  
Your kindness is better to me  
Than a' that your step-mother, scant  
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, it's true,  
And ye are the sprout of a laird;  
But I have milk-cattle enow,  
And rowth of good rucks in my yard;  
Ye shall have naething to fash ye,  
Sax servants shall jouk to thee:  
Then kilt up thy coats my lassie,  
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employed,  
Not thinking the offer amiss,  
Consented;—while *Ringan* o'erjoyed,  
Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.  
And now she sits blythly singan,  
And joking her drunken step-dame,  
Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,  
That makes her good-wife at hame.



JEANY, where hast thou been?

**O** *Jeany, Jeany*, where hast thou been?  
Father and mother are seeking of thee,  
Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,  
Keeping of *Jocky* company.

O Betty, *I've been to hear the mill clack,*  
*Getting meal ground for the family,*  
*As fow as it gade I brang hame the sack,*  
*For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.*

Ha! *Jeany, Jeany*, there's meal on your back,  
The miller's a wanton billy, and flee,  
Though victual's come hame again hale, what-reck!  
I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.

*And, Betty, ye spread your linen to bleach,  
When that was done, where could you be?  
Ha! last, I saw ye slip down the hedge,  
And wanton Willy was following thee.*

*Ay, Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the kirk;  
But when it skail'd, where could thou be;  
Ye came na hame till it was mirk,  
They say the kissing clerk came wi' ye.  
O silly lassie, what wilt thou do?  
If thou grow great, they'll heeze thee hie.  
Look to yourself, if Jock prove true:  
The clerk frae creepier will keep me free.* Q.

## S O N G.

*Tune, Last time I came o'er the moor.*

**Y**E blythest lads, and lasses gay,  
Hear what my sang discloses.  
As I ae morning sleeping lay  
Upon a bank of roses,  
Young *Jamie* whisking o'er the mead,  
By good luck chanc'd to spy me:  
He took his bonnet aff his head,  
And saftly sat down by me.  
*Jamie* though I right meikle priz'd,  
Yet now I wadna ken him;  
But with a frown my face disguis'd,  
And strave away to send him:  
But fondly he still nearer prest,  
And by my side down lying,  
His beating heart thumped sae fast,  
I thought the lad was dying.  
But still resolving to deny,  
And angry passion feigning,  
I aften roughly shot him by,  
With words full of disdain.

Poor *Jamie* bawk'd, nae favour wins,  
 Went aff much discontented;  
 But I in truth, for a' my sins,  
 Ne'er haff fae fair repented.

X.

*The Cock Laird.*

A Cock laird fou cadgie,  
 With *Jenny* did meet,  
 He haws'd her, he kifs'd her,  
 And ca'd her his sweet.  
 Wilt thou gae alang  
 Wi' me, *Jenny*, *Jenny*?  
 Thouse be my ain lemmane,  
 Jo *Jenny*, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,  
 Ye mauna fail,  
 To feast me with caddels  
 And good hacket kail.  
 The deels in your nicety,  
*Jenny*, quoth he,  
 Mayna bannocks of bear-meal  
 Be as good for thee?

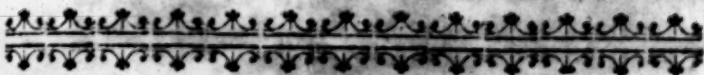
And I maun hae pinders,  
 With pearling fet round,  
 A skirt of puddy,  
 And a wastecoa of brown.  
 Awa with sic vanities,  
*Jenny*, quoth he,  
 For kurchis and kirtles  
 Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me  
 As meikle a year,  
 As haud us in pottage  
 And good knockit beer:



But having nae tenants,  
 O Jenny, Jenny,  
 To buy ought I ne'er have  
 A penny, quoth he.

The Borrowstoun merchants  
 Will sell ye on tick,  
 For we maun hae braw things,  
 Albeit they soud break.  
 When broken, frae care,  
 The fools are set free,  
 When we make them lairds  
 In the Abbey, quoth she.



*The Soger Laddie.*

**M**Y soger laddie is over the sea,  
 And he will bring gold and money to me;  
 And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,  
 My blessing gang with my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,  
 And can as a soger and lover behave;  
 True to his country, to love he is steddly,  
 There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,  
 Return him with laurels to my langing arms,  
 Syne frae all my care ye'll presently free me,  
 When back to my wishes my soger ye gi'e me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,  
 As quickly they must if he get his due:  
 For in noble actions his courage is ready,  
 Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

## The ARCHERS March.

SOUND, sound the music, sound it,  
 Let hills and dales rebound it:

Let hills and dales rebound it,  
 In praise of archery:

Its origin divine is,  
 The practice brave and fine is,  
 Which generously inclines us  
 To guard our liberty.

Art by the Gods employed,  
 By which heroes enjoyed,  
 By which heroes enjoyed  
 The wreaths of victory.

The Deity of *Parnassus*,  
 The God of soft caresses,  
 Chaste *Cynthia* and her lasses,  
 Delight in archery.

See, see yon bow extended!  
 'Tis *Jove* himself that bends it,  
 'Tis *Jove* himself that bends it,  
 O'er clouds on high it glows,  
 All nations, *Turks* and *Parthians*,  
 The *Tartars* and the *Scythians*,  
 The *Arabs*, *Moors* and *Indians*,  
 With bravery draw their bows.

Our own true records tell us,  
 That none could e'er excel us,  
 That none could e'er excel us  
 In martial archery:  
 With shafts our fires engaging,  
 Oppos'd the *Romans* raging,  
 Defeat the fierce *Norwegian*,  
 And spared few *Danes* to flee.

Witness *Largs* and *Luncarty*

*Dunkel* and *Aberlemny*,

*Dunkel* and *Aberlemny*,

*Rosline* and *Bannockburn*,

The *Chivviots* ——— all the border,

Were bowmen in brave order,

Told enemies, if furder

They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, found the music, found it,

Let hills and dales rebound it,

Let hills and dales rebound it,

In praise of archery,

Us'd as a game it pleases,

The mind to joy it raises,

*Largs*, where the *Norwegians*, headed by their valiant king *HACO*, were, *Anno* 1263, totally defeat by *ALEXANDER III.* King of *Scots*; the heroic *ALEXANDER*, great-steward of *Scotland*, commanded the right wing.

*Luncarty*, near *Pèrth*, where King *KENNETH III.* obtained the victory over the *Danes*, which was principally owing to the valour and resolution of the first brave *HAY*, and his two sons.

*Dunkel* here, and in *Kyle*, and on the banks of *Tay*, our great King *CORBREDUS GILDUS* in three battles overthrew 30,000 *Romans* in the reign of the Emperor *Domitian*.

*Aberlemny*, four miles from *Brechin*, where King *MALCOM II.* obtained a glorious victory over the united armies of *Danes*, *Norwegians*, and *Cumbrians*, &c. commanded by *SUENO* King of *Denmark*, and his warlike son Prince *CANUTE*.

*Rosline*, about five miles South of *Edinburgh*, where 10,000 *Scots*, led by Sir *JOHN CUMMIN* and Sir *SIMON FRAZER*, defeat in three battles in one day 30,000 of their enemies, *Anno* 1303.

The battles of *Bannockburn* and *Chivviot*, &c. are so well known, that they require no notes.

And throws off all diseases  
Of lazy luxury.

Now, now our care beguiling,  
When all the year looks smiling,  
When all the year looks smiling,  
With healthful harmony:  
The sun in glory glowing,  
With morning dew bestowing,  
Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,  
To flowers and every tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,  
An hearty band and loyal,  
An hearty band and loyal,  
That in just thoughts agree,  
Appear in ancient bravery,  
Despising all base knavery,  
Which tends to bring in slavery  
Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, sound the music, sound it,  
Fill up the glass and round wi't,  
Fill up the glass and round wi't,  
Health and prosperity  
T' our great CHIEF and Officers,  
T' our President and Counsellors:  
To all, who like their brave forbears,  
Delight in archery.

~~~~~  
*The following SONGS to be sung in their proper
Places, on acting of the Gentle Shepherd.*

S A N G I. *The wawking of the fauld.*
Sung by Patie, Page 1.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,

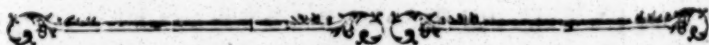
When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their een:
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.



S A N G III. *Polwart on the Green.*

Sung by Peggy, p. 10.

THE dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld,
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld:
 The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
 Nor eats, though hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at it's meat,
 And's laught at by the lave;
 They jest it till the dinner's past,
 Thus by it fell abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.



S A N G IV. *O dear Mother, what shall I do?*

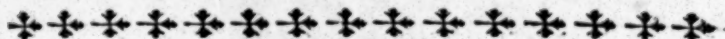
Sung by Jenny, p. 11.

O Dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling,
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betide you.
 Lasses when their fancy's carried,
 Think of nought but to be married;
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

S A N G V. *How can I be sad on my Wedding day?*

Sung by Peggy, p. 12.

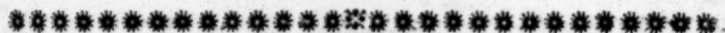
HOW shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than any of thae?
Sour weak silly fellows, who study like fools
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.



S A N G VI. *Nanfy's to the Green Wood gane.*

Sung by Jenny, p. 15.

I Yield, dear lassie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say,
'Gainst love nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heart-strings lead us.



S A N G VII. *Cauld Kale in Aberdeen.*

Sung by Glaud or Simon, p. 18.

CAULD be the rebel's cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody:
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high his station,
Who bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king and nation.

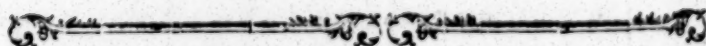
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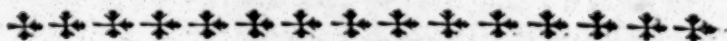
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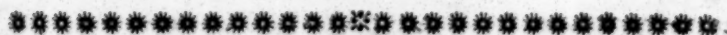
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And ever high his station,
Who bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king and nation.

S A N G VIII. *Mucking of Geordy's Byre.**Sung by Simon, p. 19.*

THE laird who in riches and honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
 Nor rack the poor tenants, wha labour
 To rise aboon poverty:
 Else, like the pack horse that's unfother'd
 And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
 Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
 And rackers aft tine their rent.

+++++

S A N G IX. *Carle and the King come.**Sung by Maufe, p. 24.*

PEGGY, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.
 Nae mair the hawkies thou shalt milk,
 But change thy plaiding coat for silk,
 And be a lady of that ilk,
 Now, *Peggy, since the king's come.*

S A N G X. *Winter was cauld, and my Claithing was thin.**Sung by Peggy and Patie, p. 30.*

P E G G Y.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
 And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
 To bear the milk-bowie, nae pain was to me,
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

P A T I E.

bells,

When corn rigs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells.

Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me ;
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our *Jenny* sings fastly the *Cowden Broom-Knows*,
And *Rosie* liltis sweetly the *Milking the ewes* ;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like *Nansy* can sing,
At *Throw the wood laddie*, *Bess* gars our lugs ring :
But when my dear *Peggy* sings with better skill,
The *Boat man*, *Tweedside*, or the *Last of the mill*,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire ?
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire ;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

SANG XI. *By the delicious warmth of thy mouth.*
Sung by Patie and Peggy, p. 32.

Printed in the PASTORAL, and in this MISCELLANY, Vol. I. Page 75.

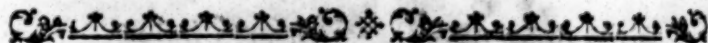
SANG XII. *Happy Clown.*

Sung by Sir William, p. 35.

HID from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks.

Healthful and innocently gay
 He chants, and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy from ambition free,
 Envy and vile hypocrisie,
 Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unfullied with a crime:
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In proping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.



S A N G XIII. *Leith-Wind.*

Sung by Jenny and Roger p. 47.

WERE I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain,
 The easy maid beset with love,
 Few words will quickly gain;
 For I must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline;
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead!
 Is *Jenny* then sae kind? ———
 O let me brifs thee to my heart!
 And round my arms entwine:
 Delightful thought! we'll never part!
 Come press thy mouth to mine.

S A N G XIV. *O'er Bogie.**Sung by Jenny, p. 48.*

W E L L I agree, ye're sure of me ;
 Next to my father gae ;
 Make him content to give consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay :
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you well,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

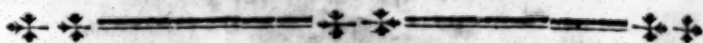
Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain.
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.
 Then never range, or learn to change,
 Like these in high degree :
 And if you prove faithful in love
 You'll find nae fault in me.

S A N G XV. *Wat ye wha I met yestreen ?**Sung by Sir William, p. 54.*

N O W from rusticity, and love,
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,
 His soul must take another turn :
 As the rough diamond from the mine,
 In breaking only shews its light,
 Till polishing has made it shine :
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.

SANG XVI. *Kirk wad let me be.**Sung by Patie, p. 63.*

DUTY and part of reason,
 Plead strong on the parents side,
 Which love superior calls treason;
 The strongest must be obey'd:
 For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repels;
 For change in my heart has no entry,
 Still there my dear *Peggy* excels.

SANG XVII. *Wo's my heart that we should funder.**Sung by Peggy, p. 67.*

SPEAK on, —speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When *Pate* must from his *Peggy* funder.
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake poor me! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy *Peggy's* bosom.
 No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his *Peggy's* praises tell,
 Ah! I can die, but never funder.
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet scented rucks, round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're afunder.
 Again ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?

Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Though thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
 Through life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

S A N G. XVIII. *Tweedside.*

Sung by Peggy, p. 68.

W H E N hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break ;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will save't for thy sake.
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him e'er in sight.
 With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms ;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life ;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height is becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep
 Must fade like the gowans of *May*,
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sense to approve.

V O L. I.

U

S A N G XIX. *Bush aboon Traquair.**Sung by Peggy, p. 70.*

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the birken-bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.
 To all our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood, shaw or fountain;
 Or where the summer day I'd share
 With thee, upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flowers,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.

S A N G XX. *Bonny grey ey'd Morn.**Sung by Sir William, p. 74.*

THE bonny grey ey'd morning begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day,
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.
 While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.

And mind what artists can devise,
 To rival more superior charms?
 Compar'd with those, the diamond's dull,
 Lawns, satins, and the velvets fade,
 The soul with her attractions full,
 Can never be by these betray'd.

APHIRA, all o'er native sweets,
 Not the false glare of dress regards,
 Her wit, her character completes,
 Her smile her lovers sighs rewards.
 When such first beauties lead the way,
 The inferior rank will follow soon;
 Then arts no longer shall decay,
 But trade encourag'd be in tune.

Millions of fleeces shall be wove,
 And flax that on the valleys blooms,
 Shall make the naked nations love
 And bless the labours of our looms;
 We have enough, nor want from them,
 But trifles hardly worth our care,
 Yet for these trifles let them claim
 What food and cloth we have to spare.

How happy's *Scotland* in her fair!
 Her amiable daughters shall,
 By acting thus with virtuous care,
 Again the golden age recal:
 Enjoying them, *Edina* ne'er
 Shall miss a court; but soon advance
 In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
 Around the scenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity shall yield to sense,
 And lazy pride to useful arts,
 When such dear angels in defence
 Of virtue thus engage their hearts
 Blest guardians of our joys and wealth,
 True fountains of delight and love,
 Long bloom your charms, fixt be your health,
 'Till tir'd with earth ye mount above.

H A R D Y K N U T E.

A Fragment of an old heroic Ballad.

I.

STATELY stept he East the wa,
 And stately stept he West,
 Full seventy years he now had seen,
 With scarce seven years of rest.
 He liv'd when *Britons* breach of faith
 Wrought *Scotland* meikle wae:
 And ay his sword tald to their cost,
 He was their deadly fae.

II.

High on a hill his castle stude,
 With halls and tours a hight,
 And guidly chambers fair to see,
 Where he lodg'd mony a knight.
 His dame fae pierless anes and fair,
 For chaste and beauty deimt,
 Nae marrow had in all the land,
 Save *Elenor* the Queen.

III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
 All men of valour stout:
 In bluidy fight, with sword in hand,
 Nine lost their lives bot doubt;
 Four yet remain, lang may they live
 To stand by liege and land:
 High was their fame, high was their might,
 And high was their command.

IV.

Great love they bare to *Fairly* fair,
 Their sister fast and deir,
 Her girdle shawd her middle jimp,
 And gowden glist her hair.
 What waefou wae her bewtie bred?
 Waefou to young and auld.
 Waefou I trou to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

V.

The King of *Norse* in summer tyde,
 Puft up with power and might,
 Landed in fair *Scotland* the ifle,
 With mony a hardy knight :
 The tydings to our gude *Scots'* King,
 Came as he fat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in brave array;
 Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

VI.

" To horfe, to horfe, my royal liege,
 " Your faes stand on the ftrand,
 " Full twenty thoufand glittering fpears.
 " The king of *Norse* commands."
Bring me my fteed, Madge dapple gray,
Our gude King raife and cry'd ;
A trufter beaft in all the land,
A Scots King neuer feyd...

VII.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
Wha lives on hill fo hie,
To draw his fword, the dreid of faes,
And hafte and follow me.
 The little page flew fwift as dart
 Flung by his mafter's arm,
 Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
 And redd your King frae harm.

VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
 Sae did his dark brown brow ;
 His looks grew keen as they were wont
 In dangers great to do ;
 He has tane a horn as green as grafs,
 And gien five founds fae shrill,
 That trees in greenwood fhook thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His fons in manly fport and glie,
 Had paft the fummer's morn,

When lo! down in a grassy dale,
 They heard their father's horn.
*That horn, quoth they, ne'er sounds in peace,
 We have other sports to byde;*
 And soon they hey'd them up the hill,
 And soon were at his syde.

X.

Late, late yestreen I weind in peace,
 To end my length'ned life,
 My age might weil excuse my arm,
Frae manly feats of strife;
 But now that Norfe does proudly boast
 Fair Scotland to enthrall,
 It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute
 He fear'd to fight or fall.

XI.

Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
 Thy arrow shoot so leil,
 Meny a comely countenance
 They have turn'd to deadly pale:
 Brade Thomas, tak ye but your lance,
 Ye neid nae weapons mair,
 Gif ye fight we't as ye did anes
 'Gainst Westmorland's fierce heir.

XII.

Malcom, light of foot as stag
 That runs in forest wyld,
 Get me my thousands three of men
 Well bred to sword and shield:
 Bring me my horse and harnisine,
 My blade of metal clier.
 If faes kend but the hand it bare,
 They soon had fled for fear.

XIII.

Fareweil, my dame, sae pierlefs good,
 And took her by the hand,
 Fairer to me in age you seem,
 Than maids for bewty fan'd:

*My youngest son fall here remain
To guard these stately towirs,
And shut the silver bolt that keeps
Sae fast your painted bowirs.*

XIV.

*And first she wet her comely cheiks,
And then her boddice green,
Hir filken cords of twirtle twist,
Weil plett with silver sheen;
And apron set with mony a dyce
Of needle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guefs,
Save that of Fairly fair.*

XV.

*And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight
Making a heavy mane;
Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacheries false Gyles;
Witlefs I was that eir gave faith
To wicked woman's smyles.*

XVI.

*Sir knight, gin ye were in my bowir
To lean on filken seat,
My lady's kindlie care you'd prove,
Wha neir kend deidly hate;
Hir self-wald watch ye all the day,
Hir maids a deid of night;
And Fairly fair your heart wald cheir,
As she stands in your sight.*

XVII.

*Arise, young knight, and mount your sleid,
Full lowns the shynand day,
Chuse frae my menzie whom ye please
To lead ye on the way.
With smyleless look and visage wan,
The wounded knight reply'd,*

*Kind chiftain, your intent purfue,
For heir I maun abyde.*

XVIII.

*To me nae after day nor night
Can eir be fweir or fair,
But foon beneath fome drapping tree,
Cauld death fall end my care.
With him nae pleading might prevail,
Brave Hardyknute to gain,
With faireft words and reason strang,
Strave courteoufly in vain.*

XIX.

*Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord Chattans land fae wyde,
That lord a worthy wight was ay,
When faes his courage feyd :
Of Pictifh race by mother's fyde,
When Picts rul'd Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
When he fav'd Pictifh crown.*

XX.

*Now with his fierce and ftalwart train,
He reach'd a rifing height,
Whair braid encampit on the dale,
Norfe' army lay in fight ;
Tender, my valiant fons and feirs,
Our raging reivers wait
On the unconquer'd Scottifh fwaird,
To try with us their fate.*

XXI.

*Maik orifons to him that fav'd
Our fauls upon the rude,
Synce bravely fhaw your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian blude.
Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
While thoufands all around,
Drawn frae their fheaths glanft in the fun,
And loud the bougils found.*

XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill
 In haste his merch he made,
 Whyle, playand bibrochs minstralls meit,
 Afore him stately strade.
*Thryse welcom vallant stoup of weir,
 Thy nation's shield and pryde;
 Thy king nae raeson has to feir
 When thou art by his syde.*

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
 For thrang scarce could they flie,
 The darts clove arrows as they met,
 The arrows dart the trie.
 Lang did they rage and fight full fierce,
 With little skaith to man,
 But bluddy, bluddy was the field,
 Or that lang day was dane.

XXIV.

The king of Scots, that findle brui'd
 The war that look'd like play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
 Sen bows seimt but delay:
*Quoth noble Rothsay, Myne I'll keip,
 I wate its bled a score.*
*Haste up, my merry men, cry'd the king,
 As he rade on before.*

XXV.

The king of Norse he sought to find,
 With him to mense the fight,
 But on his forehead there did light
 A sharp unsonsie shaft;
 As he his hand put up to find
 The wound, an arrow keen,
 O waefou chance! there pinn'd his hand
 In midst between his een.

XXVI.

*Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothsay's heir,
 Your mail-coat fall nocht byde*

*The strength and sharpness of my dart ;
 Then sent it through his syde :
 Another arrow weil he mark'd,
 It pierc'd his neck in twa,
 His hands then quat the silver reins,
 He laigh as eard did fa'.*

XXVII.

*Sair bleids my liege, sair, sair he blicds.
 Again with might he drew
 And gesture dreid his sturdy bow,
 Fast the braid arrow flew.
 Wae to the knight he ettled at,
 Lament now Quene Elgried ;
 Hie dames too wail your darlings fall,
 His youth and comely meid.*

XXVIII.

*Take aff, take aff his costly jupe
 (Of gold weil was it twyn'd,
 Knit lyke the fowlers net, through which
 His steilly harness shyn'd)
 Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
 Him 'venge the blude it beirs ;
 Say, if be face my bended bow,
 He sure nae weapon fears.*

XXIX.

*Proud Norse with giant body tall,
 Braid shoulders and arms strong,
 Cry'd, Where is Hardyknute sue sam'd,
 And seir'd at Britain's throne :
 The Britons tremble at his name,
 I soon shall make him wail
 That eir my sword was made sue sharp,
 Sae fast his coat of mail.*

XXX.

*That brag his stout heart coudna byde,
 It lent him youthful might :
 I'm Hardyknute this day, he cry'd,
 To Scotland's king I heicht,*

*To lay thee law as horses hufe,
My word I mean to keip,
Syn with the first strake eir he strake,
He garr'd his body bleid.*

XXXI.

*Norse' een lyke gray gosehawks stair'd wyld,
He fight with shame and spyte;
Disgrac'd is now my far sam'd arm
That left thee power to stryke:
Then gave his head a blaw sae fell,
It made him down to stoup,
As law as he to ladies us'd
In courtly gyse to lout.*

XXXII.

*Full soon he rais'd his bent body,
His bow he marvell'd fair,
Sen blaws till then on him that darr'd
As touch of Fairly fair:
Norse ferliet too as fair as he
To see his stately look,
Sae soon as eir he strake a fae,
Sae soon his lyfe he took.*

XXXIII.

*Whair lyke a fyre to hether set,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A sturdy fae with look enrag'd
Up towards him did prance;
He spur'd his steed through thickest rank,
The hardy youth to quell,
Wha stood unmov'd at his approach
His fury to repel.*

XXXIV.

*That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm'd
Looks like poor Scotland's geir,
But dreidful seems the rusty poynt!
And loud he leugh in jeir.
Aft Britain's blude has dimm'd its shyne,
This poynt cut short their vaunt;*

Syne pierc'd the boaster's bairded cheik,
Nae time he took to taunt.

XXXV.

Short while he in his saddle swang,
His stirrip was nae stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey :
Swiith on the hard'ned clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud,
But *Thomas* look'd not as he lay
All waltering in his blude.

XXXVI.

With cairless gesture, mynd unmov'd,
On raid he North the plain,
His seim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
When winner ay the fame :
Nor yet his heart dames dimpelit cheik,
Could meise fast love to bruik,
Till vengeful *Ann* return'd the scorn,
Then languid grew his look.

XXXVII.

In thrawis of death with wallowit cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to arise again ;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythsome sounds,
To boast the glories of the day,
And shaw their shyning wounds.

XXXVIII.

On *Norway's* coast the widow'd dame
May wash the rocks with teirs,
May lang look owre the shipless seis,
Before hir mate appears.
Ceise, *Emma*, ceise to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyis in the clay,
The valiant *Scots* nae revers thole
To carry life away.

XXXIX.

There on a lie, whair stands a cross,
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands full fierce that summer's day
 Fill'd keen war's black intent.
 Let *Scots*, while *Scots* praise *Hardyknute*,
 Let *Nerfe* the name ay dreed,
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spair'd,
 Sal latest ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew Westlin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy showir,
 Mirk grew the night eir *Hardiknute*
 Wan neir his stately tower;
 His tower that us'd with torches bleise,
 To shyne sae far at night,
 Seim'd now as black as mourning weid,
 Nae marvel fair he sight.

XLI.

There's nae light in my lady's bowir,
There's nae light in my hall;
Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
Nor Warp stands on my wall.
What bodes it? Robert, Thomas say,
Nae answer fits their dreid.
Stand back, my sons, I'll be your gyde,
But by they past with speid.

XLII.

As fast as I haef sped owre Scotland's fues,
 There ceist his brag of weir,
 Seir sham'd to mynd ought but his dame,
 And maiden *Fairly* fair.
 Black fear he felt, but what to fear,
 He wist not yet with dreid;
 Sair shook his body, fair his limbs,
 And all the warriour fled.

The Braes of YARROW.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 And let us leave the braes of *Yarrow*.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
 Where got ye that winsome marrow?
 I got her where I durst not well be seen,
 Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
 Nor let thy heart lament to leave
 Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
 Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?
 And why dare ye nae mair well be seen,
 Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*?

Lang must she weep, lang must she, must she weep,
 Lang must she weep with dole and sorrow,
 And lang must I nae mair well be seen
 Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
 Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow!
 And I have slain the comeliest swain,
 That ever pu'd birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Why runs thy stream, O *Yarrow*, *Yarrow*, reid?
 Why on thy brae's heard the voice of sorrow,
 And why yon melancholious weeds,
 Hung on the bonny birks of *Yarrow*?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
 What's yonder floats? O dole and sorrow!
 O'tis the comely swain I slew
 Upon the doleful braes of *Yarrow*.

Wash, O wash his wounds his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears of dole and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in woful wise,
His helpless fate on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
'Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
Yellow on *Yarrow's* braes the gowan, (grass,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of *Yarrow* flowan.

Flows *Yarrow* sweet, as sweet, as sweet flows *Tweed*,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
'Though he was fair, and well belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and loe me on the banks of *Tweed*,
And think nae mair on the braes of *Yarrow*.

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,

How loe him on the banks of *Tweed*,
That flew my love on the braes of *Tarrow* ?

O *Tarrow* fields may never, never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my love,
My love as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my own sewing,
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dole and sorrow,
But e'er the toofal of the night,
He lay a corps on the braes of *Tarrow*.

the
rafs,
Much I rejoic'd that woeful, woeful day,
I sung, my voice the woods returning ;
But lang e'er night, the spear was flown
That flew my love, and left me mourning.

reed,
What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
My lover's blood is on thy spear ;
How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me ?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek on *Tarrow's* braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother *Douglas* may upbraid,
And strive with threat'ning words to move me,
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal-sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter.
Ah me ! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow ;
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with yellow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee ;
Yet lie all night between my breasts ;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth !
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corps in the braes of *Yarrow*.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.



